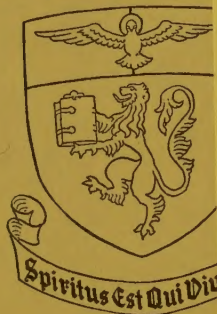
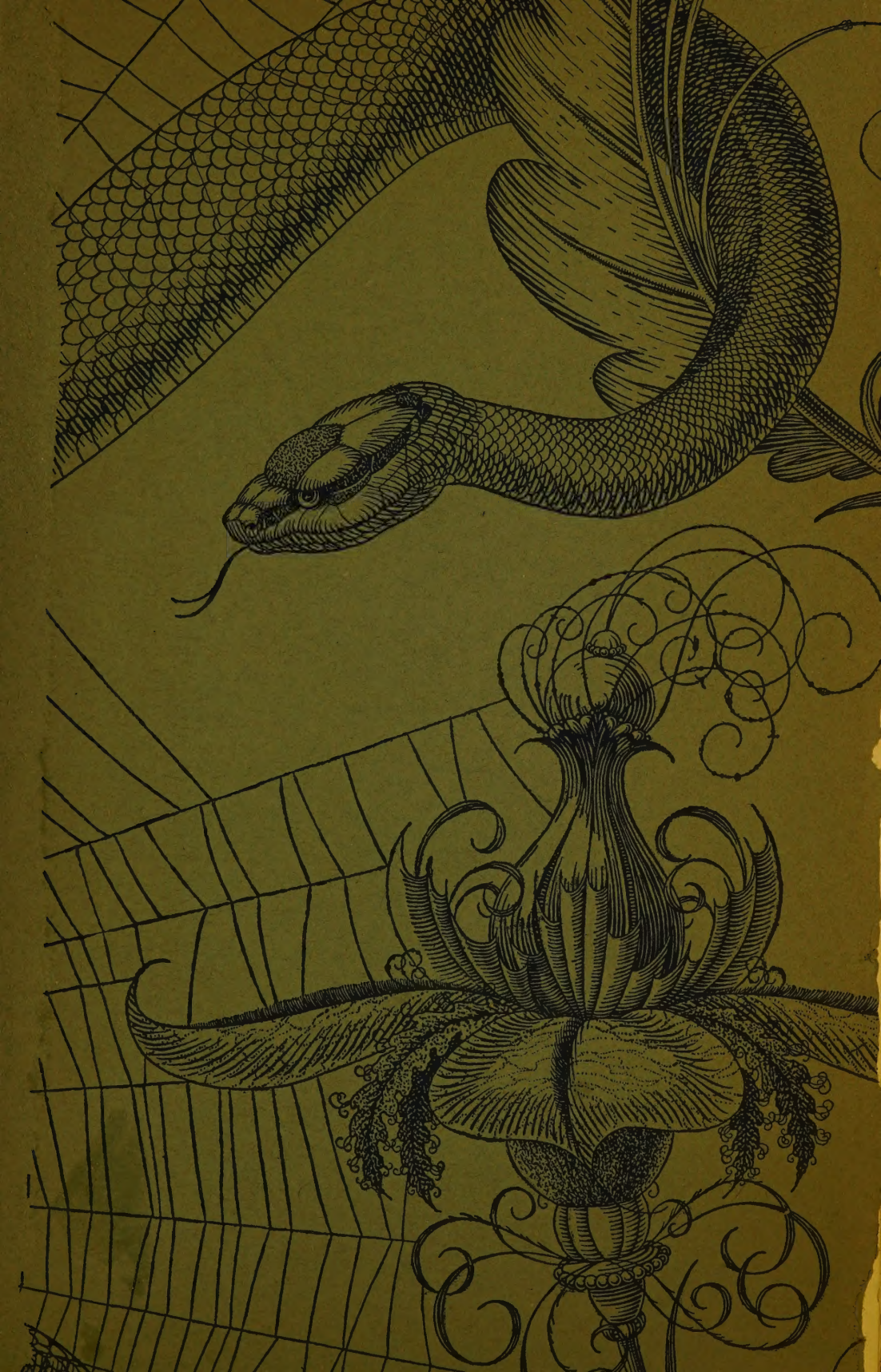




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THE DUCHESS OF MALFI
AND
THE WHITE DEVIL

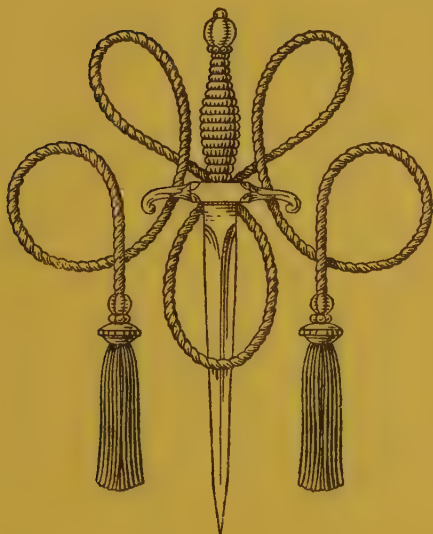


THAT IN SO LITTLE SPACE
SHOWN THE WISE WINDING OF SO MANY MEN!

THE
DUCHESS OF MALFI
and
THE WHITE DEVIL

Two Plays by
JOHN WEBSTER

Illustrated by
HENRY KEEN



London: JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD
New York: DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY

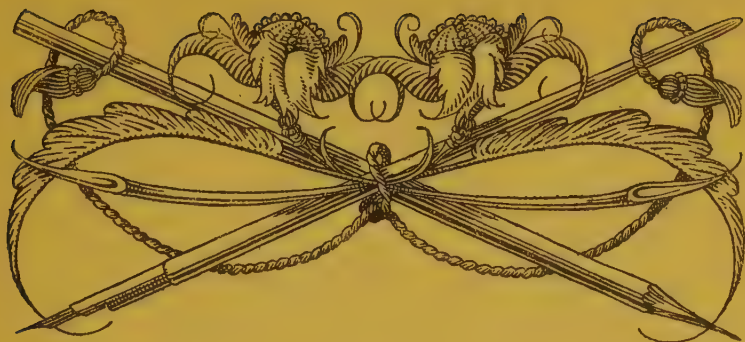
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1930

THIS EDITION FIRST PUBLISHED IN 1930

Made and Printed in Great Britain
Text by Hazell, Watson and Viney, Ltd., London and Aylesbury
Illustrations by A. Alexander & Sons, Ltd., London, N.I.



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MAY 16 1961



TO THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE *GEORGE*

*HARDING, Baron Berkeley, of Berkeley
Castle, and Knight of the Order of the Bath
to the illustrious Prince Charles*

MY NOBLE LORD,

THAT I may present my excuse why, being a stranger to your lordship, I offer this poem to your patronage, I plead this warrant:—men who never saw the sea yet desire to behold that regiment of waters, choose some eminent river to guide them thither, and make that, as it were, their conduct or postilion: by the like ingenious means has your fame arrived at my knowledge, receiving it from some of worth, who both in contemplation and practice owe to your honour their clearest service. I do not altogether look up at your title; the ancientest nobility being but a relic of time past, and the truest honour indeed being for a man to confer honour on himself, which your learning strives to propagate, and shall make you arrive at the dignity of a great example. I am confident this work is not unworthy your honour's perusal; for by such poems as this poets have kissed the hands of great princes, and drawn their gentle eyes to look down upon their sheets of paper when the poets themselves were bound up in their winding-sheets. The like courtesy from your lordship shall make you live in

your grave, and laurel spring out of it, when the ignorant scorners of the Muses, that like worms in libraries seem to live only to destroy learning, shall wither neglected and forgotten. This work and myself I humbly present to your approved censure, it being the utmost of my wishes to have your honourable self my weighty and perspicuous comment ; which grace so done me shall ever be acknowledged

By your lordship's in all duty and observance,

JOHN WEBSTER.



In the just Worth of that Well-Deserver,
MR. JOHN WEBSTER, and upon this
Master-piece of Tragedy

IN this thou imitat'st one rich and wise,
That sees his good deeds done before he dies :
As he by works, thou by this work of fame
Hast well provided for thy living name.
To trust to others' honourings is worth's crime,
Thy monument is raised in thy life-time ;
And 'tis most just ; for every worthy man
Is his own marble, and his merit can
Cut him to any figure, and express
More art than death's cathedral palaces
Where royal ashes keep their court. Thy note
Be ever plainness ; 'tis the richest coat :
Thy epitaph only the title be,
Write DUCHESS, that will fetch a tear for thee ;
For who e'er saw this Duchess live and die,
That could get off under a bleeding eye ?

In Tragœdiam.

Ut lux ex tenebris ictu percussa tonantis,
Illa, ruina malis, claris fit vita poetis.

THOMAS MIDDLETONUS,
Poeta et Chron. Londinensis.

To his Friend Mr. John Webster,
upon his *Duchess of Malfi*

I NEVER saw thy Duchess till the day
That she was lively bodied in thy play :
Howe'er she answered her low-rated love
Her brothers' anger did so fatal prove,
Yet my opinion is, she might speak more,
But never in her life so well before.

WIL. ROWLEY.

To the Reader of the Author,
and his *Duchess of Malfi*

CROWN him a poet, whom nor Rome nor Greece
Transcend in all their's for a masterpiece ;
In which, whiles words and matter change, and men
Act one another, he, from whose clear pen
They all took life, to memory hath lent
A lasting fame to raise his monument.

JOHN FORD.

THE
TRAGEDY
OF THE DVTCHESS
Of Malfy.

*As it was Presented priuatly, at the Black-
Friers; and publiquely at the Globe, By the
Kings Maiesties Seruants.*

The perfect and exact Coppy, with diuerse
*things Printed, that the length of the Play would
not beare in the Presentment.*

VVritten by *John Webster.*

Hora.——*Si quid*——

——*Candidus Imperti si non his utere mecum.*

LONDON:

Printed by NICHOLAS OKES, for IOHN
WATERSON, and are to be sold at the
signe of the Crowne, in *Paules*
Church-yard, 1623.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria.

The Cardinal, his Brother.

Antonio Bologna, Steward of the household to the Duchess.

Delio, his Friend.

Daniel de Bosola, Gentleman of the horse to the Duchess.

Castruchio.

Marquis of Pescara.

Count Malateste.

<i>Silvio</i> , a Lord, of Milan,	} Gentlemen attending on the Duchess.
<i>Roderigo</i> ,	
<i>Grisolan</i> ,	

Doctor.

Several Madmen, Pilgrims, Executioners, Officers, Attendants, &c.

Duchess of Malfi, sister of Ferdinand and the Cardinal.

Cariola, her Woman.

Julia, Castruchio's Wife, and the Cardinal's Mistress.

Old Lady, Ladies and Children.

SCENE—*Amalfi, Rome, and Milan.*



THE DUCHESS OF MALFI

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I—*Amalfi. The Presence-chamber in the Duchess's Palace*

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO



DELIO. You are welcome to your
country, dear Antonio ;
You have been long in France, and you
return
A very formal Frenchman in your
habit :
How do you like the French court ?

Antonio.

I admire it :

In seeking to reduce both state and people
To a fix'd order, their judicious king
Begins at home ; quits first his royal palace
Of flattering sycophants, of dissolute
And infamous persons,—which he sweetly terms

His master's masterpiece, the work of Heaven ;
Considering duly that a prince's court
Is like a common fountain, whence should flow
Pure silver drops in general, but if 't chance
Some curs'd example poison 't near the head,
Death and diseases through the whole land spread.
And what is 't makes this blessed government
But a most provident council, who dare freely
Inform him the corruption of the times ?
Though some o' th' court hold it presumption
To instruct princes what they ought to do,
It is a noble duty to inform them
What they ought to foresee.—Here comes Bosola,
The only court-gall ; yet I observe his railing
Is not for simple love of piety :
Indeed, he rails at those things which he wants ;
Would be as lecherous, covetous, or proud,
Bloody, or envious, as any man,
If he had means to be so.—Here's the Cardinal.

Enter the CARDINAL and BOSOLA

Bosola. I do haunt you still.

Cardinal. So.

Bosola. I have done you better service than to be slighted thus. Miserable age, where only the reward of doing well is the doing of it !

Cardinal. You enforce your merit too much.

Bosola. I fell into the galleys in your service ; where, for two years together, I wore two towels instead of a shirt, with a knot on the shoulder, after the fashion of a Roman mantle. Slighted thus ? I will thrive some way : blackbirds fatten best in hard weather ; why not I in these dog-days ?

Cardinal. Would you could become honest !

Bosola. With all your divinity do but direct me the

way to it. I have known many travel far for it, and yet return as arrant knaves as they went forth, because they carried themselves always along with them. [*Exit CARDINAL.*] Are you gone? Some fellows, they say, are possessed with the devil, but this great fellow were able to possess the greatest devil, and make him worse.

Antonio. He hath denied thee some suit?

Bosola. He and his brother are like plum-trees that grow crooked over standing-pools; they are rich and o'er-laden with fruit, but none but crows, pies, and caterpillars feed on them. Could I be one of their flattering panders, I would hang on their ears like a horseleech, till I were full, and then drop off. I pray, leave me. Who would rely upon these miserable dependencies, in expectation to be advanc'd to-morrow? what creature ever fed worse than hoping Tantalus? nor ever died any man more fearfully than he that hop'd for a pardon. There are rewards for hawks and dogs when they have done us service; but for a soldier that hazards his limbs in a battle, nothing but a kind of geometry is his last supportation.

Delio. Geometry?

Bosola. Aye, to hang in a fair pair of slings, take his latter swing in the world upon an honourable pair of crutches, from hospital to hospital. Fare ye well, sir: and yet do not you scorn us; for places in the court are but like beds in the hospital, where this man's head lies at that man's foot, and so lower and lower. [*Exit.*]

Delio. I knew this fellow seven years in the galleys
For a notorious murder; and 'twas thought
The Cardinal suborn'd it: he was releas'd
By the French general, Gaston de Foix,
When he recover'd Naples.

Antonio. 'Tis great pity
He should be thus neglected: I have heard

He's very valiant. This foul melancholy
Will poison all his goodness; for, I'll tell you,
If too immoderate sleep be truly said
To be an inward rust unto the soul,
It then doth follow want of action
Breeds all black malcontents; and their close rearing,
Like moths in cloth, do hurt for want of wearing.

Delio. The presence 'gins to fill: you promis'd me
To make me the partaker of the natures
Of some of your great courtiers.

Antonio. The lord Cardinal's,
And other strangers' that are now in court?
I shall.—Here comes the great Calabrian duke.

*Enter FERDINAND, CASTRUCHIO, SILVIO, RODERIGO,
GRISOLAN, and Attendants*

Ferdinand. Who took the ring oftenest?

Silvio. Antonio Bologna, my lord.

Ferdinand. Our sister duchess's great-master of her household? give him the jewel.—When shall we leave this sportive action, and fall to action indeed?

Castruchio. Methinks, my lord, you should not desire to go to war in person.

Ferdinand. Now for some gravity:—why, my lord?

Castruchio. It is fitting a soldier arise to be a prince, but not necessary a prince descend to be a captain.

Ferdinand. No?

Castruchio. No, my lord; he were far better do it by a deputy.

Ferdinand. Why should he not as well sleep or eat by a deputy? this might take idle, offensive, and base office from him, whereas the other deprives him of honour.

Castruchio. Believe my experience, that realm is never long in quiet where the ruler is a soldier.

Ferdinand. Thou told'st me thy wife could not endure fighting.

Castruchio. True, my lord.

Ferdinand. And of a jest she broke of a captain she met full of wounds: I have forgot it.

Castruchio. She told him, my lord, he was a pitiful fellow, to lie, like the children of Ismael, all in tents.

Ferdinand. Why, there 's a wit were able to undo all the chirurgeons o' the city; for although gallants should quarrel, and had drawn their weapons, and were ready to go to it, yet her persuasions would make them put up.

Castruchio. That she would, my lord.

Ferdinand. How do you like my Spanish gennet?

Roderigo. He is all fire.

Ferdinand. I am of Pliny's opinion, I think he was begot by the wind; he runs as if he were ballass'd with quicksilver.

Silvio. True, my lord, he reels from the tilt often.

Roderigo and Grisolan. Ha, ha, ha!

Ferdinand. Why do you laugh? methinks you that are courtiers should be my touchwood, take fire when I give fire; that is, laugh [but] when I laugh, were the subject never so witty.

Castruchio. True, my lord: I myself have heard a very good jest, and have scorn'd to seem to have so silly a wit as to understand it.

Ferdinand. But I can laugh at your fool, my lord.

Castruchio. He cannot speak, you know, but he makes faces: my lady cannot abide him.

Ferdinand. No?

Castruchio. Nor endure to be in merry company; for she says too much laughing, and too much company, fills her too full of the wrinkle.

Ferdinand. I would, then, have a mathematical instrument made for her face, that she might not laugh out of compass.—I shall shortly visit you at Milan, Lord Silvio.

Silvio. Your grace shall arrive most welcome.

Ferdinand. You are a good horseman, Antonio: you have excellent riders in France: what do you think of good horsemanship?

Antonio. Nobly, my lord: as out of the Grecian horse issued many famous princes, so out of brave horsemanship arise the first sparks of growing resolution, that raise the mind to noble action.

Ferdinand. You have bespoke it worthily.

Silvio. Your brother, the lord Cardinal, and sister duchess.

Re-enter CARDINAL, with DUCHESS, CARIOLA, and JULIA

Cardinal. Are the galleys come about?

Grisolan. They are, my lord.

Ferdinand. Here 's the Lord Silvio is come to take his leave.

Delio. [*Aside to ANTONIO.*] Now, sir, your promise; what 's that Cardinal?

I mean his temper? they say he 's a brave fellow, Will play his five thousand crowns at tennis, dance, Court ladies, and one that hath fought single combats.

Antonio. Some such flashes superficially hang on him for form; but observe his inward character: he is a melancholy churchman; the spring in his face is nothing but the engendering of toads; where he is jealous of any man, he lays worse plots for them than ever was impos'd on Hercules, for he strews in his way flatter[er]s, panders, intelligencers, atheists, and a thousand such political monsters. He should have been Pope; but instead of coming to it by the primitive

She held it less vain-glory to talk much,
 Than your penance to hear her: whilst she speaks,
 She throws upon a man so sweet a look,
 That it were able [to] raise one to a galliard
 That lay in a dead palsy, and to dote
 On that sweet countenance; but in that look
 There speaketh so divine a continence
 As cuts off all lascivious and vain hope.
 Her days are practis'd in such noble virtue,
 That sure her nights, nay, more, her very sleeps,
 Are more in heaven than other ladies' shrifts.
 Let all sweet ladies break their flattering glasses,
 And dress themselves in her.

Delio. Fie, Antonio,
 You play the wire-drawer with her commendations.

Antonio. I'll case the picture up: only thus much;
 All her particular worth grows to this sum,—
 She stains the time past, lights the time to come.

Cariola. You must attend my lady in the gallery,
 Some half an hour hence.

Antonio. I shall.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and DELIO.*]

Ferdinand. Sister, I have a suit to you.

Duchess. To me, sir?

Ferdinand. A gentleman here, Daniel de Bosola,
 One that was in the galleys—

Duchess. Yes, I know him.

Ferdinand. A worthy fellow he is: pray, let me
 entreat for
 The provisorship of your horse.

Duchess. Your knowledge of him
 Commends him and prefers him.

Ferdinand. Call him hither.

[*Exit Attendant.*]

We [are] now upon parting. Good Lord Silvio,
Do us commend to all our noble friends
At the leaguer.

Silvio. Sir, I shall.

Duchess. You are for Milan?

Silvio. I am.

Duchess. Bring the caroches. We'll bring you down
To the haven. [Exeunt all but FERDINAND and the
CARDINAL.

Cardinal. Be sure you entertain that Bosola
For your intelligence: I would not be seen in 't;
And therefore many times I have slighted him
When he did court our furtherance, as this morning.

Ferdinand. Antonio, the great-master of her household,
Had been far fitter.

Cardinal. You are deceiv'd in him:
His nature is too honest for such business.—
He comes: I'll leave you. [Exit.

Re-enter BOSOLA

Bosola. I was lur'd to you.

Ferdinand. My brother, here, the Cardinal could never
Abide you.

Bosola. Never since he was in my debt.

Ferdinand. Maybe some oblique character in your face
Made him suspect you.

Bosola. Doth he study physiognomy?
There 's no more credit to be given to th' face
Than to a sick man's urine, which some call
The physician's whore because she cozens him.
He did suspect me wrongfully.

Ferdinand. For that
You must give great men leave to take their times.
Distrust doth cause us seldom be deceiv'd:

You see the oft shaking of the cedar-tree
Fastens it more at root.

Bosola. Yet, take heed ;
For to suspect a friend unworthily
Instructs him the next way to suspect you,
And prompts him to deceive you.

Ferdinand. [*Giving him money.*] There 's gold.

Bosola. So :
What follows ? never rained such showers as these
Without thunderbolts i' th' tail of them : whose throat
must I cut ?

Ferdinand. Your inclination to shed blood rides post
Before my occasion to use you. I give you that
To live i' th' court here, and observe the duchess ;
To note all the particulars of her haviour,
What suitors do solicit her for marriage,
And whom she best affects. She 's a young widow :
I would not have her marry again.

Bosola. No, sir ?

Ferdinand. Do not you ask the reason ; but be satisfied
I say I would not.

Bosola. It seems you would create me
One of your familiars.

Ferdinand. Familiar ? what 's that ?

Bosola. Why, a very quaint invisible devil in flesh,
An intelligencer.

Ferdinand. Such a kind of thriving thing
I would wish thee ; and ere long thou may'st arrive
At a higher place by 't.

Bosola. Take your devils,
Which hell calls angels ; these curs'd gifts would make
You a corrupter, me an impudent traitor ;
And should I take these, they'd take me [to] hell.

Ferdinand. Sir, I'll take nothing from you that I have given :

There is a place that I procur'd for you
This morning, the provisorship o' th' horse ;
Have you heard on 't ?

Bosola. No.

Ferdinand. 'Tis yours : is 't not worth thanks ?

Bosola. I would have you curse yourself now, that
your bounty,

Which makes men truly noble, e'er should make me
A villain. Oh, that to avoid ingratitude
For the good deed you have done me, I must do
All the ill man can invent ! Thus the devil
Candies all sins o'er ; and what heaven terms vile,
That names he complimentary. ✓

Ferdinand. Be yourself ;
Keep your old garb of melancholy ; 'twill express
You envy those that stand above your reach,
Yet strive not to come near 'em : this will gain
Access to private lodgings, where yourself
May, like a politic dormouse—

Bosola. As I have seen some
Feed in a lord's dish, half asleep, not seeming
To listen to any talk ; and yet these rogues
Have cut his throat in a dream. What 's my place ?
The provisorship o' th' horse ? say, then, my corruption
Grew out of horse-dung : I am your creature.

Ferdinand. Away ! [Exit.

Bosola. Let good men, for good deeds, covet good
fame,
Since place and riches oft are bribes of shame :
Sometimes the devil doth preach. [Exit.

SCENE II—*A Gallery in the Duchess's Palace*

Enter FERDINAND, DUCHESS, CARDINAL, and CARIOLA

Cardinal. We are to part from you; and your own discretion.

Must now be your director.

Ferdinand. You are a widow:
You know already what man is; and therefore
Let not youth, high promotion, eloquence—

Cardinal. No,
Nor any thing without the addition, honour,
Sway your high blood.

Ferdinand. Marry! they are most luxurious
Will wed twice.

Cardinal. Oh, fie!

Ferdinand. Their livers are more spotted
Than Laban's sheep.

Duchess. Diamonds are of most value,
They say, that have passed through most jewellers'
hands.

Ferdinand. Whores by that rule are precious.

Duchess. Will you hear me?
I'll never marry.

Cardinal. So most widows say;
But commonly that motion lasts no longer
Than the turning of an hour-glass: the funeral sermon
And it end both together.

Ferdinand. Now hear me:
You live in a rank pasture, here i' th' court;
There is a kind of honey-dew that 's deadly;
'Twill poison your fame; look to 't: be not cunning;
For they whose faces do belie their hearts
Are witches ere they arrive at twenty years,
Aye, and give the devil suck.

Duchess. This is terrible good counsel.

Ferdinand. Hypocrisy is woven of a fine small thread,
Subtler than Vulcan's engine: yet, believe 't,
Your darkest actions, nay, your privat'st thoughts,
Will come to light.

Cardinal. You may flatter yourself,
And take your own choice; privately be married
Under the eaves of night—

Ferdinand. Think 't the best voyage
That e'er you made; like the irregular crab,
Which, though 't goes backward, thinks that it goes right
Because it goes its own way; but observe,
Such weddings may more properly be said
To be executed than celebrated.

Cardinal. The marriage night
Is the entrance into some prison.

Ferdinand. And those joys,
Those lustful pleasures, are like heavy sleeps
Which do forerun man's mischief.

Cardinal. Fare you well.
Wisdom begins at the end: remember it. [Exit.

Duchess. I think this speech between you both was
studied,
It came so roundly off.

Ferdinand. You are my sister;
This was my father's poniard, do you see?
I'd be loth to see 't look rusty, 'cause 'twas his.
I would have you to give o'er these chargeable revels:
A visor and a mask are whispering-rooms
That were never built for goodness;—fare ye well;—
And women like that part which, like the lamprey,
Hath never a bone in 't.

Duchess. Fie, sir!

Ferdinand. Nay,
I mean the tongue; variety of courtship:

What cannot a neat knave with a smooth tale
Make a woman believe? Farewell, lusty widow.

[*Exit.*

Duchess. Shall this move me? If all my royal kindred
Lay in my way unto this marriage,
I'd make them my low footsteps: and even now,
Even in this hate, as men in some great battles,
By apprehending danger, have achiev'd
Almost impossible actions (I have heard soldiers say so),
So I through frights and threatenings will assay
This dangerous venture. Let old wives report
I wink'd and chose a husband.—Cariola,
To thy known secrecy I have given up
More than my life—my fame.

Cariola. Both shall be safe;
For I'll conceal this secret from the world
As warily as those that trade in poison
Keep poison from their children.

Duchess. Thy protestation
Is ingenious and hearty: I believe it.
Is Antonio come?

Cariola. He attends you.

Duchess. Good dear soul,
Leave me; but place thyself behind the arras,
Where thou mayst overhear us. Wish me good speed;
For I am going into a wilderness
Where I shall find nor path nor friendly clue
To be my guide. [CARIOLA goes behind the arras.

Enter ANTONIO

I sent for you: sit down;
Take pen and ink, and write: are you ready?

Antonio. Yes.

Duchess. What did I say?

Antonio. That I should write somewhat.

Duchess. In a winding-sheet?

Antonio. In a couple.

Duchess. Saint Winfred,
That were a strange will!

Antonio. 'Twere strange[r] if there were no will in you
To marry again.

Duchess. What do you think of marriage?

Antonio. I take 't, as those that deny purgatory;
It locally contains or Heaven or hell;
There 's no third place in 't.

Duchess. How do you affect it?

Antonio. My banishment, feeding my melancholy,
Would often reason thus.

Duchess. Pray, let 's hear it.

Antonio. Say a man never marry, nor have children,
What takes that from him? only the bare name
Of being a father, or the weak delight
To see the little wanton ride a-cock-horse
Upon a painted stick, or hear him chatter
Like a taught starling.

Duchess. Fie, fie, what 's all this?
One of your eyes is blood-shot; use my ring to 't,
They say 'tis very sovereign: 'twas my wedding-ring,
And I did vow never to part with it
But to my second husband.

Antonio. You have parted with it now.

Duchess. Yes, to help your eyesight.

Antonio. You have made me stark blind.

Duchess. How?

Antonio. There is a saucy and ambitious devil
Is dancing in this circle.

Duchess. Remove him.

Antonio. How?

Duchess. There needs small conjuration, when your
finger

May do it: thus; is it fit?

[She puts the ring upon his finger: he kneels.

Antonio. What said you?

Duchess. Sir,

This goodly roof of yours is too low built ;
I cannot stand upright in 't nor discourse,
Without I raise it higher : raise yourself ;
Or, if you please, my hand to help you : so.

[*Raises him.*]

Antonio. Ambition, madam, is a great man's madness,
That is not kept in chains and close-pent rooms,
But in fair lightsome lodgings, and is girt
With the wild noise of prattling visitants,
Which makes it lunatic beyond all cure.
Conceive not I am so stupid but I aim
Whereto your favours tend : but he 's a fool
That, being a-cold, would thrust his hands i' th' fire
To warm them.

Duchess. So, now the ground's broke,
You may discover what a wealthy mine
I make you lord of.

Antonio. O my unworthiness !

Duchess. You were ill to sell yourself :
This darkening of your worth is not like that
Which tradesmen use i' th' city ; their false lights
Are to rid bad wares off : and I must tell you,
If you will know where breathes a complete man
(I speak it without flattery), turn your eyes,
And progress through yourself.

Antonio. Were there nor heaven
Nor hell, I should be honest: I have long serv'd virtue,
And ne'er ta'en wages of her.

Duchess. Now she pays it.
The misery of us that are born great!

We are forc'd to woo, because none dare woo us ;
And as a tyrant doubles with his words,
And fearfully equivocates, so we
Are forc'd to express our violent passions
In riddles and in dreams, and leave the path
Of simple virtue, which was never made
To seem the thing it is not. Go, go brag
You have left me heartless ; mine is in your bosom :
I hope 'twill multiply love there. You do tremble :
Make not your heart so dead a piece of flesh,
To fear more than to love me. Sir, be confident :
What is 't distracts you ? This is flesh and blood, sir ;
'Tis not the figure cut in alabaster
Kneels at my husband's tomb. Awake, awake, man !
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in 't.

Antonio. Truth speak for me ;
I will remain the constant sanctuary
Of your good name.

Duchess. I thank you, gentle love :
And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,
Being now my steward, here upon your lips
I sign your Quietus est. This you should have begg'd
now :
I have seen children oft eat sweetmeats thus,
As fearful to devour them too soon.

Antonio. But for your brothers ?

Duchess. Do not think of them :
All discord without this circumference
Is only to be pitied, and not fear'd :
Yet, should they know it, time will easily
Scatter the tempest.

Antonio. These words should be mine,

And all the parts you have spoke, if some part of it
Would not have savour'd flattery.

Duchess. Kneel.

[CARIOLA comes from behind the arras.

Antonio. Ha!

Duchess. Be not amazed ; this woman 's of my counsel :
I have heard lawyers say, a contract in a chamber
Per verba [de] presenti is absolute marriage.

[*She and ANTONIO kneel.*

Bless, heaven, this sacred gordian, which let violence
Never untwine !

Antonio. And may our sweet affections, like the spheres,
Be still in motion !

Duchess. Quickening, and make
The like soft music!

Antonio. That we may imitate the loving palms,
Best emblem of a peaceful marriage, that ne'er
Bore fruit, divided !

Duchess. What can the Church force more?

Antonio. That fortune may not know an accident,
Either of joy or sorrow, to divide
Our fixèd wishes!

Duchess. How can the Church build faster?
We now are man and wife, and 'tis the Church
That must but echo this.—Maid, stand apart :
I now am blind.

Antonio. What 's your conceit in this?

Duchess. I would have you lead your fortune by the hand

Unto your marriage bed :

(You speak in me this, for we now are one:)

We'll only lie, and talk together, and plot

To appease my humorous kindred ; and if you please,
Like the old tale in 'Alexander and Lodowick,'

Lay a naked sword between us, keep us chaste.
Oh, let me shroud my blushes in your bosom,
Since 'tis the treasury of all my secrets!

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS and ANTONIO.]

Cariola. Whether the spirit of greatness or of woman
Reign most in her, I know not; but it shows
A fearful madness: I owe her much of pity. [*Exit.*





ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I—*A Room in the Palace of the DUCHESS*

Enter BOSOLA and CASTRUCHIO

BOSOLA. You say you would fain be taken
for an eminent courtier?

CASTRUCHIO. 'Tis the very main of my
ambition.

BOSOLA. Let me see : you have a reasonable
good face for 't already, and your nightcap
expresses your ears sufficient largely. I would
have you learn to twirl the strings of your band with a
good grace, and in a set speech, at th' end of every
sentence, to hum three or four times, or blow your nose
till it smart again, to recover your memory. When you
come to be a president in criminal causes, if you smile
upon a prisoner, hang him, but if you frown upon him
and threaten him, let him be sure to scape the gallows.

CASTRUCHIO. I would be a very merry president.

BOSOLA. Do not sup o' nights ; 'twill beget you an
admirable wit.

Castruchio. Rather it would make me have a good stomach to quarrel; for they say, your roaring boys eat meat seldom, and that makes them so valiant. But how shall I know whether the people take me for an eminent fellow?

Bosola. I will teach a trick to know it: give out you lie a-dying, and if you hear the common people curse you, be sure you are taken for one of the prime nightcaps.

Enter an Old Lady

You come from painting now.

Old Lady. From what?

Bosola. Why, from your scurvy face-physic. To behold thee not painted inclines somewhat near a miracle; these in thy face here were deep ruts and foul sloughs the last progress. There was a lady in France that, having had the small-pox, flayed the skin off her face to make it more level; and whereas before she look'd like a nutmeg-grater, after she resembled an abortive hedgehog.

Old Lady. Do you call this painting?

Bosola. No, no, but you call [it] careening of an old morphewed lady, to make her disembugue again: there's rough-cast phrase to your plastic.

Old Lady. It seems you are well acquainted with my closet.

Bosola. One would suspect it for a shop of witchcraft, to find in it the fat of serpents, spawn of snakes, Jews' spittle, and their young children's ordure; and all these for the face. I would sooner eat a dead pigeon taken from the soles of the feet of one sick of the plague than kiss one of you fasting. Here are two of you, whose sin of your youth is the very patrimony of the physician; makes him renew his foot-cloth with the spring, and

change his high-priced courtezan with the fall of the leaf. I do wonder you do not loathe yourselves. Observe my meditation now.

What thing is in this outward form of man
To be belov'd? We account it ominous,
If nature do produce a colt, or lamb,
A fawn, or goat, in any limb resembling
A man, and fly from 't as a prodigy:
Man stands amaz'd to see his deformity
In any other creature but himself.
But in our own flesh, though we bear diseases
Which have their true names only ta'en from beasts,—
As the most ulcerous wolf and swinish measles,—
Though we are eaten up of lice and worms,
And though continually we bear about us
A rotten and dead body, we delight
To hide it in rich tissue: all our fear,
Nay, all our terror, is lest our physician
Should put us in the ground to be made sweet.—
Your wife's gone to Rome: you two couple, and get you
To the wells at Lucca to recover your aches.
I have other work on foot.

[*Exeunt* CASTRUCHIO and *Old Lady*.

I observe our duchess

Is sick a-days, she pukes, her stomach seethes,
The fins of her eye-lids look most teeming blue,
She wanes i' th' cheek, and waxes fat i' th' flank,
And, contrary to our Italian fashion,
Wears a loose-bodied gown: there 's somewhat in 't.
I have a trick may chance discover it,
A pretty one; I have brought some apricocks,
The first our spring yields.

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO, *talking together apart*

Delio.

And so long since married?

You amaze me.

Antonio.

Let me seal your lips for ever:

For, did I think that anything but th' air
Could carry these words from you, I should wish
You had no breath at all.—Now, sir, in your contempla-
tion?

You are studying to become a great wise fellow?

Bosola. Oh, sir, the opinion of wisdom is a foul tetter
that runs all over a man's body: if simplicity direct us
to have no evil, it directs us to a happy being; for the
subtlest folly proceeds from the subtlest wisdom: let
me be simply honest.

'Antonio. I do understand your inside.

Bosola.

Do you so?

Antonio. Because you would not seem to appear to th'
world

Puff'd up with your preferment, you continue
This out-of-fashion melancholy: leave it, leave it.

Bosola. Give me leave to be honest in any phrase, in
any compliment whatsoever. Shall I confess myself to
you? I look no higher than I can reach: they are the
gods that must ride on winged horses. A lawyer's mule
of a slow pace will both suit my disposition and business;
for, mark me, when a man's mind rides faster than his
horse can gallop, they quickly both tire.

Antonio. You would look up to heaven, but I think
The devil, that rules i' th' air, stands in your light.

Bosola. Oh, sir, you are lord of the ascendant, chief
man with the duchess; a duke was your cousin-german
remov'd. Say you were lineally descended from King
Pepin, or he himself, what of this? search the heads of
the greatest rivers in the world, you shall find them
but bubbles of water. Some would think the souls of
princes were brought forth by some more weighty cause
than those of meaner persons: they are deceiv'd, there 's
the same hand to them; the like passions sway them;
the same reason that makes a vicar go to law for a tithe-

pig, and undo his neighbours, makes them spoil a whole province, and batter down goodly cities with the cannon.

Enter DUCHESS and Ladies

Duchess. Your arm, Antonio: do I not grow fat?
I am exceeding short-winded.—Bosola,
I would have you, sir, provide for me a litter;
Such a one as the Duchess of Florence rode in.

Bosola. The duchess used one when she was great with child.

Duchess. I think she did.—Come hither, mend my ruff;

Here, when?

Thou art such a tedious lady; and thy breath smells
Of lemon-peels; would thou hadst done! Shall I swoon

Under thy fingers! I am so troubled
With the mother!

Bosola. [*Aside.*] I fear too much.

Duchess. I have heard you say
That the French courtiers wear their hats on 'fore
The king.

Antonio. I have seen it.

Duchess. In the presence?

Antonio. Yes.

Duchess. Why should not we bring up that fashion?
'Tis

Ceremony more than duty that consists
In the removing of a piece of felt:
Be you the example to the rest o' th' court;
Put on your hat first.

Antonio. You must pardon me:
I have seen, in colder countries than in France,
Nobles stand bare to th' prince; and the distinction
Methought show'd reverently.

Bosola. I have a present for your grace.

Duchess. For me, sir?

Bosola. Apricocks, madam.

Duchess. O, sir, where are they?
I have heard of none to-year.

Bosola. [*Aside.*] Good; her colour rises.

Duchess. Indeed, I thank you: they are wondrous fair ones.

What an unskilful fellow is our gardener!
We shall have none this month.

Bosola. Will not your grace pare them?

Duchess. No: they taste of musk, methinks; indeed they do.

Bosola. I know not: yet I wish your grace had pared 'em.

Duchess. Why?

Bosola. I forgot to tell you, the knave gardener,
Only to raise his profit by them the sooner,
Did ripen them in horse-dung.

Duchess. O, you jest.—
You shall judge: pray taste one.

Antonio. Indeed, madam,
I do not love the fruit.

Duchess. Sir, you are loath
To rob us of our dainties: 'tis a delicate fruit;
They say they are restorative.

Bosola. 'Tis a pretty art,
This grafting.

Duchess. 'Tis so; a bettering of nature.

Bosola. To make a pippin grow upon a crab,
A damson on a blackthorn.—[*Aside.*] How greedily
she eats them!

A whirlwind strike off these bawd farthingales!

For, but for that and the loose-bodied gown,
I should have discovered apparently
The young springal cutting a caper in her belly.

Duchess. I thank you, Bosola: they were right good
ones,
If they do not make me sick.

Antonio. How now, madam?

Duchess. This green fruit and my stomach are not
friends:
How they swell me!

Bosola. [*Aside.*] Nay, you are too much swelled
already.

Duchess. Oh, I am in an extreme cold sweat!

Bosola. I am very sorry.

Duchess. Lights to my chamber!—O good Antonio,
I fear I am undone!

Delio. Lights there, lights!

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and Ladies.—Exit, on the other
side, BOSOLA.*]

Antonio. O my most trusty Delio, we are lost!
I fear she's fall'n in labour; and there's left
No time for her remove.

Delio. Have you prepar'd
Those ladies to attend her? and procur'd
That politic safe conveyance for the midwife
Your duchess plotted?

Antonio. I have.

Delio. Make use, then, of this forc'd occasion:
Give out that Bosola hath poison'd her
With these apricocks; that will give some colour
For her keeping close.

Antonio. Fie, fie, the physicians
Will then flock to her.

Delio. For that you may pretend
She'll use some prepar'd antidote of her own,
Lest the physicians should re-poison her.

Antonio. I am lost in amazement: I know not what to
think on 't. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—*A Hall in the same Palace*

Enter BOSOLA

Bosola. So, so, there 's no question but her tetchiness
and most vulturous eating of the apricocks are apparent
signs of breeding.

Enter an Old Lady

Now?

Old Lady. I am in haste, sir.

Bosola. There was a young waiting-woman had a
monstrous desire to see the glass-house——

Old Lady. Nay, pray let me go.

Bosola. And it was only to know what strange instru-
ment it was should swell up a glass to the fashion of a
woman's belly.

Old Lady. I will hear no more of the glass-house.
You are still abusing women?

Bosola. Who, I? no; only, by the way now and then,
mention your frailties. The orange-tree bear[s] ripe
and green fruit and blossoms all together; and some of
you give entertainment for pure love, but more for more
precious reward. The lusty spring smells well; but
drooping autumn tastes well. If we have the same
golden showers that rained in the time of Jupiter the
thunderer, you have the same Danaës still, to hold up
their laps to receive them. Didst thou never study the
mathematics?

Old Lady. What 's that, sir?

Bosola. Why, to know the trick how to make a many lines meet in one centre. Go, go, give your foster-daughters good counsel: tell them, that the devil takes delight to hang at a woman's girdle, like a false rusty watch, that she cannot discern how the time passes.

[*Exit Old Lady.*]

Enter ANTONIO, DELIO, RODERIGO, *and* GRISOLAN

Antonio. Shut up the court-gates.

Roderigo. Why, sir? what 's the danger?

Antonio. Shut up the posterns presently, and call All the officers o' th' court.

Grisolan. I shall instantly. [*Exit.*]

Antonio. Who keeps the key o' th' park gate?

Roderigo. Forobosco.

Antonio. Let him bring 't presently.

Re-enter GRISOLAN *with* Servants.

First Servant. O, gentlemen o' the court, the foulest treason!

Bosola. [*Aside.*] If that these apricocks should be poison'd now,
Without my knowledge!

First Servant. There was taken even now
A Switzer in the duchess' bed-chamber—

Second Servant. A Switzer?

First Servant. With a pistol in his great cod-piece.

Bosola. Ha, ha, ha!

First Servant. The cod-piece was the case for 't.

Second Servant. There was
A cunning traitor: who would have search'd his cod-piece?

First Servant. True, if he had kept out of the ladies' chambers:
And all the moulds of his buttons were leaden bullets.

Second Servant. O wicked cannibal!
A fire-lock in 's cod-piece!

First Servant. 'Twas a French plot,
Upon my life.

Second Servant. To see what the devil can do!

Antonio. [Are] all the officers here?

Servants. We are.

Antonio. Gentlemen,
We have lost much plate you know; and but this evening
Jewels, to the value of four thousand ducats,
Are missing in the duchess' cabinet.
Are the gates shut?

Servant. Yes.

Antonio. 'Tis the duchess' pleasure
Each officer be lock'd into his chamber
Till the sun-rising; and to send the keys
Of all their chests and of their outward doors
Into her bed-chamber. She is very sick.

Roderigo. At her pleasure.

Antonio. She entreats you take 't not ill:
The innocent shall be the more approv'd by it.

Bosola. Gentleman o' th' wood-yard, where 's your
Switzer now?

First Servant. By this hand, 'twas credibly reported by
one o' th' black guard.

[*Exeunt all except ANTONIO and DELIO.*]

Delio. How fares it with the duchess?

Antonio. She 's expos'd
Unto the worst of torture, pain and fear.

Delio. Speak to her all happy comfort.

Antonio. How I do play the fool with mine own
danger!

You are this night, dear friend, to post to Rome :
My life lies in your service.

Delio. Do not doubt me.

Antonio. Oh, 'tis far from me : and yet fear presents me
Somewhat that looks like danger.

Delio. Believe it,
'Tis but the shadow of your fear, no more ;
How superstitiously we mind our evils !
The throwing down salt, or crossing of a hare,
Bleeding at nose, the stumbling of a horse,
Or singing of a cricket, are of power
To daunt whole man in us. Sir, fare you well :
I wish you all the joys of a bless'd father :
And, for my faith, lay this unto your breast,—
Old friends, like old swords, still are trusted best.

[*Exit.*

Enter CARIOLA

Cariola. Sir, you are the happy father of a son :
Your wife commends him to you.

Antonio. Blessèd comfort !—
For Heaven' sake tend her well : I'll presently
Go set a figure for 's nativity. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—*The Courtyard of the same Palace*

Enter BOSOLA, with a dark lantern

Bosola. Sure I did hear a woman shriek : list, ha !
And the sound came, if I receiv'd it right,
From the duchess' lodgings. There 's some stratagem
In the confining all our courtiers
To their several wards : I must have part of it ;
My intelligence will freeze else. List, again !
It may be 'twas the melancholy bird,
Best friend of silence and of solitariness,
The owl, that scream'd so.—Ha ! Antonio ?

Enter ANTONIO with a Candle, his Sword drawn

Antonio. I heard some noise.—Who 's there? what art thou? speak.

Bosola. Antonio? put not your face nor body
To such a forc'd expression of fear:
I am Bosola, your friend.

Antonio. Bosola!—

[*Aside.*] This mole does undermine me.—Heard you not

A noise even now?

Bosola. From whence?

Antonio. From the duchess' lodging.

Bosola. Not I: did you?

Antonio. I did, or else I dream'd.

Bosola. Let 's walk towards it.

Antonio. No: it may be 'twas
But the rising of the wind.

Bosola. Very likely.
Methinks 'tis very cold, and yet you sweat:
You look wildly.

Antonio. I have been setting a figure
For the duchess' jewels.

Bosola. Ah, and how falls your question?
Do you find it radical?

Antonio. What 's that to you?
'Tis rather to be questioned what design,
When all men were commanded to their lodgings,
Makes you a night-walker.

Bosola. In sooth, I'll tell you:
Now all the court 's asleep, I thought the devil
Had least to do here; I came to say my prayers;
And if it do offend you I do so,
You are a fine courtier.

Antonio. [*Aside.*] This fellow will undo me.—



DESSA VALLA

I AM BOSQA, YOUR FRIEND

You gave the duchess apricocks to-day :
Pray Heaven they were not poison'd !

Bosola. Poison'd ? A Spanish fig
For the imputation !

Antonio. Traitors are ever confident
Till they are discover'd. There were jewels stol'n too :
In my conceit, none are to be suspected
More than yourself.

Bosola. You are a false steward.

Antonio. Saucy slave, I'll pull thee up by the roots.

Bosola. Maybe the ruin will crush you to pieces.

Antonio. You are an impudent snake indeed, sir :
Are you scarce warm, and do you show your sting ?
You libel well, sir.

Bosola. No, sir : copy it out,
And I will set my hand to 't.

Antonio. [*Aside.*] My nose bleeds.
One that were superstitious would count
This ominous, when it merely comes by chance :
Two letters, that are wrought here for my name,
Are drown'd in blood !
Mere accident.—For you, sir, I'll take order
I' th' morn you shall be safe :—[*Aside.*] 'tis that must
colour

Her lying-in :—sir, this door you pass not :
I do not hold it fit that you come near
The duchess' lodgings, till you have quit yourself.—
[*Aside.*] The great are like the base, nay, they are the
same,
When they seek shameful ways to avoid shame. [*Exit.*]

Bosola. Antonio hereabout did drop a paper :—
Some of your help, false friend : [*Opening his lantern.*]
—Oh, here it is.

What 's here ? a child's nativity calculated ? [*Reads.*]
'The duchess was deliver'd of a son, 'tween the hours

twelve and one in the night, Anno Dom. 1504,—that 's this year—'decimo nono Decembris,'—that 's this night, —'taken according to the meridian of Malfi,'—that 's our duchess: happy discovery!—'The lord of the first house being combust in the ascendant, signifies short life; and Mars being in a human sign, join'd to the tail of the Dragon, in the eighth house, doth threaten a violent death. Caetera non scrutantur.'

Why, now 'tis most apparent: this precise fellow
Is the duchess' bawd:—I have it to my wish!

This is a parcel of intelligency

Our courtiers were cas'd up for: it needs must follow

That I must be committed on pretence

Of poisoning her; which I'll endure, and laugh at.

If one could find the father now! but that

Time will discover. Old Castruchio

I' th' morning posts to Rome: by him I'll send

A letter that shall make her brothers' galls

O'erflow their livers. This was a thrifty way.

Though lust do mask in ne'er so strange disguise,

She 's oft found witty, but is never wise. [Exit.

SCENE IV—*A Room in the Palace of the CARDINAL
at Rome*

Enter CARDINAL and JULIA

Cardinal. Sit: thou art my best of wishes. Prithee,
tell me

What trick didst thou invent to come to Rome

Without thy husband.

Julia. Why, my lord, I told him
I came to visit an old anchorite
Here for devotion.

Cardinal. Thou art a witty false one,—
I mean, to him.

Julia. You have prevailed with me

Beyond my strongest thoughts! I would not now
Find you inconstant.

Cardinal. Do not put thyself
To such a voluntary torture, which proceeds
Out of your own guilt.

Julia. How, my lord?

Cardinal. You fear
My constancy, because you have approved
Those giddy and wild turning[s] in yourself.

Julia. Did you e'er find them?

Cardinal. Sooth, generally for women;
A man might strive to make glass malleable,
Ere he should make them fixed.

Julia. So, my lord.

Cardinal. We had need go borrow that fantastic glass
Invented by Galileo the Florentine
To view another spacious world i' th' moon,
And look to find a constant woman there.

Julia. This is very well, my lord.

Cardinal. Why do you weep?
Are tears your justification? the self-same tears
Will fall into your husband's bosom, lady,
With a loud protestation that you love him
Above the world. Come, I'll love you wisely,
That 's jealousy; since I am very certain
You cannot make me cuckold.

Julia. I'll go home
To my husband.

Cardinal. You may thank me, lady,
I have taken you off your melancholy perch,
Bore you upon my fist, and show'd you game,
And let you fly at it.—I pray thee, kiss me.—
When thou wast with thy husband, thou wast watch'd
Like a tame elephant:—still you are to thank me:—
Thou hadst only kisses from him and high feeding;

But what delight was that? 'twas just like one
That hath a little fingering on the lute,
Yet cannot tune it:—still you are to thank me.

Julia. You told me of a piteous wound i' th' heart
And a sick liver, when you wooed me first,
And spake like one in physic.

Cardinal. Who 's that?—

Enter Servant

Rest firm, for my affection to thee,
Lightning moves slow to 't.

Servant. Madam, a gentleman,
That 's come post from Malfi, desires to see you.

Cardinal. Let him enter: I'll withdraw. [Exit.

Servant. He says
Your husband, old Castruchio, is come to Rome,
Most pitifully tir'd with riding post. [Exit.

Enter DELIO

Julia. Signior Delio! [*Aside.*] 'tis one of my old
suitors.

Delio. I was bold to come and see you.

Julia. Sir, you are welcome.

Delio. Do you lie here?

Julia. Sure, your own experience
Will satisfy you no: our Roman prelates
Do not keep lodging for ladies.

Delio. Very well:
I have brought you no commendations from your
husband,
For I know none by him.

Julia. I hear he 's come to Rome.

Delio. I never knew man and beast, of a horse and a
knight,

Is this her wit, or honesty, that speaks thus?
I heard one say the duke was highly mov'd
With a letter sent from Malfi. I do fear
Antonio is betray'd: how fearfully
Shows his ambition now! unfortunate fortune!
They pass through whirlpools, and deep woes do shun,
Who the event weigh ere the action 's done. [Exit.

SCENE V—*Another Room in the same Palace*

Enter CARDINAL, and FERDINAND with a letter

Ferdinand. I have this night digged up a mandrake.

Cardinal. Say you?

Ferdinand. And I am grown mad with 't.

Cardinal. What 's the prodigy?

Ferdinand. Read there,—a sister damn'd: she 's loose
i' th' hilt;

Grown a notorious strumpet.

Cardinal. Speak lower.

Ferdinand. Lower?

Rogues do not whisper 't now, but seek to publish 't
(As servants do the bounty of their lords)

Aloud; and with a covetous searching eye,
To mark who note them. O, confusion seize her!
She hath had most cunning bawds to serve her turn,
And more secure conveyances for lust
Than towns of garrison for service.

Cardinal. Is 't possible?
Can this be certain?

Ferdinand. Rhubarb, oh, for rhubarb
To purge this choler! here 's the cursèd day
To prompt my memory; and here 't shall stick
Till of her bleeding heart I make a sponge
To wipe it out.

Cardinal. Why do you make yourself
So wild a tempest?

Ferdinand. Would I could be one,
That I might toss her palace 'bout her ears,
Root up her goodly forests, blast her meads,
And lay her general territory as waste
As she hath done her honours.

Cardinal. Shall our blood,
The royal blood of Arragon and Castile,
Be thus attainted?

Ferdinand. Apply desperate physic:
We must not now use balsamum, but fire,
The smarting cupping-glass, for that 's the mean
To purge infected blood, such blood as hers.
There is a kind of pity in mine eye,—
I'll give it to my handkercher; and now 'tis here,
I'll bequeath this to her bastard.

Cardinal. What to do?

Ferdinand. Why, to make soft lint for his mother's
wounds,
When I have hewed her to pieces.

Cardinal. Curs'd creature!
Unequal nature, to place women's hearts
So far upon the left side!

Ferdinand. Foolish men,
That e'er will trust their honour in a bark
Made of so slight weak bulrush as is woman,
Apt every minute to sink it!

Cardinal. Thus ignorance, when it hath purchas'd
honour,
It cannot wield it.

Ferdinand. Methinks I see her laughing—
Excellent hyena! Talk to me somewhat, quickly,
Or my imagination will carry me
To see her in the shameful act of sin.

Cardinal. With whom?

Ferdinand. Happily with some strong-thigh'd
bargeman,
Or one [o'] the woodyard that can quoit the sledge
Or toss the bar, or else some lovely squire
That carries coals up to her privy lodgings.

Cardinal. You fly beyond your reason.

Ferdinand. Go to, mistress!
'Tis not your whore's milk that shall quench my wild
fire,
But your whore's blood.

Cardinal. How idly shows this rage, which carries you,
As men convey'd by witches through the air,
On violent whirlwinds! this intemperate noise
Fitly resembles deaf men's shrill discourse,
Who talk aloud, thinking all other men
To have their imperfection.

Ferdinand. Have not you
My palsy?

Cardinal. Yes, I can be angry, [but]
Without this rupture: there is not in nature
A thing that makes man so deform'd, so beastly,
As doth intemperate anger. Chide yourself.
You have divers men who never yet express'd
Their strong desire of rest but by unrest,
By vexing of themselves. Come, put yourself
In tune.

Ferdinand. So; I will only study to seem
The thing I am not. I could kill her now,
In you, or in myself; for I do think
It is some sin in us heaven doth revenge
By her.

Cardinal. Are you stark mad?

Ferdinand. I would have their bodies

Burnt in a coal-pit with the ventage stopp'd,
That their curs'd smoke might not ascend to heaven;
Or dip the sheets they lie in in pitch or sulphur,
Wrap them in 't, and then light them like a match;
Or else to boil their bastard to a cullis,
And give 't his lecherous father to renew
The sin of his back.

Cardinal. I'll leave you.

Ferdinand. Nay, I have done.
I am confident, had I been damn'd in hell,
And should have heard of this, it would have put me
Into a cold sweat. In, in; I'll go sleep.
Till I know who leaps my sister, I'll not stir:
That known, I'll find scorpions to string my whips,
And fix her in a general eclipse. [*Exeunt.*]





ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I—*A Room in the Palace of the DUCHESS*

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO

ANTONIO. Our noble friend, my
most beloved Delio !
Oh, you have been a stranger long at
court ;
Came you along with the Lord Fer-
dinand ?
Delio. I did, sir : and how fares your
noble duchess ?

Antonio. Right fortunately well : she 's an excellent
Feeder of pedigrees ; since you last saw her,
She hath had two children more, a son and daughter.

Delio. Methinks 'twas yesterday : let me but wink,
And not behold your face, which to mine eye
Is somewhat leaner, verily I should dream
It were within this half-hour.

Antonio. You have not been in law, friend Delio,
Nor in prison, nor a suitor at the court,

Nor begged the reversion of some great man's place,
Nor troubled with an old wife, which doth make
Your time so insensibly hasten.

Delio. Pray, sir, tell me,
Hath not this news arriv'd yet to the ear
Of the lord cardinal?

Antonio. I fear it hath :
The Lord Ferdinand, that 's newly come to court,
Doth bear himself right dangerously.

Delio. Pray, why?

Antonio. He is so quiet that he seems to sleep
The tempest out, as dormice do in winter :
Those houses that are haunted are most still
Till the devil be up.

Delio. What say the common people?

Antonio. The common rabble do directly say
She is a strumpet.

Delio. And your graver heads
Which would be politic, what censure they?

Antonio. They do observe I grow to infinite purchase,
The left hand way, and all suppose the duchess
Would amend it, if she could ; for, say they,
Great princes, though they grudge their officers
Should have such large and unconfined means
To get wealth under them, will not complain,
Lest thereby they should make them odious
Unto the people ; for other obligation
Of love or marriage between her and me
They never dream of.

Delio. The Lord Ferdinand
Is going to bed.

Enter DUCHESS, FERDINAND, *and* BOSOLA

Ferdinand. I'll instantly to bed,
For I am weary.—I am to bespeak
A husband for you.

Duchess. For me, sir? pray, who is 't?

Ferdinand. The great Count Malateste.

Duchess. Fie upon him!

A count? he 's a mere stick of sugar-candy;
You may look quite thorough him. When I choose
A husband, I will marry for your honour.

Ferdinand. You shall do well in 't.—How is 't, worthy Antonio?

Duchess. But, sir, I am to have private conference with you
About a scandalous report is spread
Touching mine honour.

Ferdinand. Let me be ever deaf to 't:
One of Pasquil's paper bullets, court-calumny,
A pestilent air, which princes' palaces
Are seldom purged of. Yet, say that it were true,
I pour it in your bosom, my fix'd love
Would strongly excuse, extenuate, nay, deny
Faults, were they apparent in you. Go, be safe
In your own innocence.

Duchess. [*Aside.*] O bless'd comfort!
This deadly air is purg'd.

[*Exeunt DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and DELIO.*]

Ferdinand. Her guilt treads on
Hot-burning coulters.—Now, Bosola,
How thrives our intelligence?

Bosola. Sir, uncertainly
'Tis rumour'd she hath had three bastards, but
By whom we may go read i' th' stars.

Ferdinand. Why, some
Hold opinion all things are written there.

Bosola. Yes, if we could find spectacles to read them.
I do suspect there hath been some sorcery
Us'd on the duchess.

Ferdinand. Sorcery? to what purpose?

Bosola. To make her dote on some desertless fellow
She shames to acknowledge.

Ferdinand. Can your faith give way
To think there's power in potions or in charms,
To make us love whether we will or no?

Bosola. Most certainly.

Ferdinand. Away! these are mere gulleries, horrid
things,

Invented by some cheating mountebanks

To abuse us. Do you think that herbs or charms

Can force the will? Some trials have been made

In this foolish practice, but the ingredients

Were lenitive poisons, such as are of force

To make the patient mad; and straight the witch

Swears by equivocation they are in love.

The witchcraft lies in her rank blood. This night

I will force confession from her. You told me

You had got, within these two days, a false key

Into her bed-chamber.

Bosola. I have.

Ferdinand. As I would wish.

Bosola. What do you intend to do?

Ferdinand. Can you guess?

Bosola. No.

Ferdinand. Do not ask, then:

He that can compass me, and know my drifts,

May say he hath put a girdle 'bout the world,

And sounded all her quicksands.

Bosola. I do not

Think so.

Ferdinand. What do you think, then, pray?

Bosola. That you

Are your own chronicle too much, and grossly

Flatter yourself.

Ferdinand. Give me thy hand ; I thank thee :
I never gave pension but to flatterers,
Till I entertained thee. Farewell.
That friend a great man's ruin strongly checks,
Who rails into his belief all his defects. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II—*The Bed-chamber of the DUCHESS*

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, and CARIOLA

Duchess. Bring me the casket hither, and the glass.—
You get no lodging here to-night, my lord.

Antonio. Indeed, I must persuade one.

Duchess. Very good:

I hope in time 'twill grow into a custom,
That noblemen shall come with cap and knee
To purchase a night's lodging of their wives.

Antonio. I must lie here.

Duchess. Must ! you are a lord of misrule.

Antonio. Indeed, my rule is only in the night.

Duchess. To what use will you put me ?

Antonio. We'll sleep together.

Duchess. Alas,
What pleasure can two lovers find in sleep !

Cariola. My lord, I lie with her often ; and I know
She'll much disquiet you.

Antonio. See, you are complain'd of.

Cariola. For she 's the sprawling'st bedfellow.

Antonio. I shall like her
The better for that.

Cariola. Sir, shall I ask you a question ?

Antonio. Oh, I pray thee, Cariola.

Cariola. Wherefore still, when you lie
With my lady, do you rise so early ?

Antonio. Labouring men
Count the clock oftenest, Cariola, are glad
When their task's ended.

Duchess. I'll stop your mouth.

[*Kisses him.*

Antonio. Nay, that 's but one; Venus had two soft doves

To draw her chariot ; I must have another—

[She kisses him again.

When wilt thou marry, Cariola?

Cariola. Never, my lord.

Antonio. Oh, fie upon this single life! forgo it.

We read how Daphne, for her peevish flight,
Became a fruitless bay-tree ; Syrxn turn'd
To the pale empty reed ; Anaxarete
Was frozen into marble : whereas those
Which married, or prov'd kind unto their friends,
Were by a gracious influence transhap'd
Into the olive, pomegranate, mulberry,
Became flowers, precious stones, or eminent stars.

Cariola. This is a vain poetry: but I pray you tell me,
If there were propos'd me, wisdom, riches, and beauty,
In three several young men, which should I choose?

Antonio. 'Tis a hard question : this was Paris' case,
And he was blind in 't, and there was great cause ;
For how was 't possible he could judge right,
Having three amorous goddesses in view,
And they stark naked ? 'twas a motion
Were able to benight the apprehension
Of the severest counsellor of Europe.
Now I look on both your faces so well form'd,
It puts me in mind of a question I would ask.

Cariola. What is 't?

Antonio. I do wonder why hard-favour'd ladies,
For the most part, keep worse-favour'd waiting-women
To attend them, and cannot endure fair ones.

Duchess. Oh, that's soon answer'd.
Did you ever in your life know an ill painter
Desire to have his dwelling next door to the shop
Of an excellent picture-maker? 'twould disgrace
His face-making, and undo him. I prithee,
When were we so merry?—My hair tangles.

Antonio. Pray thee, Cariola, let 's steal forth the room,
And let her talk to herself: I have divers times
Serv'd her the like, when she hath chaf'd extremely.
I love to see her angry. Softly, Cariola.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and CARIOLA.*]

Duchess. Doth not the colour of my hair 'gin to
change?

When I wax grey, I shall have all the court
Powder their hair with arras, to be like me.
You have cause to love me; I enter'd you into my heart
Before you would vouchsafe to call for the keys.

Enter FERDINAND behind

We shall one day have my brothers take you napping;
Methinks his presence, being now in court,
Should make you keep your own bed; but you'll say
Love mix'd with fear is sweetest. I'll assure you,
You shall get no more children till my brothers
Consent to be your gossips. Have you lost your tongue?
'Tis welcome:

For know, whether I am doom'd to live or die,
I can do both like a prince.

Ferdinand.

Die, then, quickly!

[*Giving her a poniard.*]

Virtue, where art thou hid? what hideous thing
Is it that doth eclipse thee?

Duchess.

Pray, sir, hear me.

Ferdinand. Or is it true thou art but a bare name,
And no essential thing?

Duchess.

Sir,—

Ferdinand. Do not speak.

Duchess. No, sir: I will plant my soul in mine ears, to hear you.

Ferdinand. O most imperfect light of human reason,
That mak'st [us] so unhappy to foresee
What we can least prevent! Pursue thy wishes,
And glory in them: there 's in shame no comfort
But to be past all bounds and sense of shame.

Duchess. I pray, sir, hear me: I am married.

Ferdinand. So!

Duchess. Happily, not to your liking: but for that,
Alas, your shears do come untimely now
To clip the bird's wings that 's already flown!
Will you see my husband?

Ferdinand. Yes, if I could change
Eyes with a basilisk.

Duchess. Sure, you came hither
By his confederacy.

Ferdinand. The howling of a wolf
Is music to thee, screech-owl: prithee, peace.—
Whate'er thou art that hast enjoy'd my sister,
For I am sure thou hear'st me, for thine own sake
Let me not know thee. I came hither prepar'd
To work thy discovery; yet am now persuaded
It would beget such violent effects
As would damn us both. I would not for ten millions
I had beheld thee: therefore use all means
I never may have knowledge of thy name;
Enjoy thy lust still, and a wretched life,
On that condition.—And for thee, vile woman,
If thou do wish thy lecher may grow old
In thy embracements, I would have thee build
Such a room for him as our anchorites
To holier use inhabit. Let not the sun
Shine on him till he 's dead; let dogs and monkeys

Only converse with him, and such dumb things
To whom nature denies use to sound his name ;
Do not keep a paraquito, lest she learn it ;
If thou do love him, cut out thine own tongue,
Lest it bewray him.

Duchess. Why might not I marry?
I have not gone about in this to create
Any new world or custom.

Ferdinand. Thou art undone ;
And thou hast ta'en that massy sheet of lead
That hid thy husband's bones, and folded it
About my heart.

Duchess. Mine bleeds for 't.

Ferdinand. Thine? thy heart?
What should I name 't unless a hollow bullet
Fill'd with unquenchable wild-fire?

Duchess. You are in this
Too strict ; and were you not my princely brother,
I would say, too wilful : my reputation
Is safe.

Ferdinand. Dost thou know what reputation is?
I'll tell thee,—to small purpose, since the instruction
Comes now too late.
Upon a time Reputation, Love, and Death,
Would travel o'er the world ; and it was concluded
That they should part, and take three several ways.
Death told them, they should find him in great battles,
Or cities plagu'd with plagues : Love gives them counsel
To inquire for him 'mongst unambitious shepherds,
Where dowries were not talk'd of, and sometimes
'Mongst quiet kindred that had nothing left
By their dead parents : 'Stay,' quoth Reputation,
'Do not forsake me ; for it is my nature,
If once I part from any man I meet,
I am never found again.' And so for you :

You have shook hands with Reputation,
And made him invisible. So, fare you well:
I will never see you more.

Duchess. Why should only I,
Of all the other princes of the world,
Be cas'd up, like a holy relic? I have youth
And a little beauty.

Ferdinand. So you have some virgins
That are witches. I will never see thee more. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTONIO with a pistol, and CARIOLA

Duchess. You saw this apparition?

Antonio. Yes: we are
Betray'd. How came he hither? —I should turn
This to thee, for that. [*Pointing the pistol at CARIOLA.*]

Cariola. Pray, sir, do; and when
That you have cleft my heart, you shall read there
Mine innocence.

Duchess. That gallery gave him entrance.

Antonio. I would this terrible thing would come again,
That, standing on my guard, I might relate
My warrantable love.— [*She shows the poniard.*]
Ha! what means this?

Duchess. He left this with me.

Antonio. And it seems did wish
You would use it on yourself.

Duchess. His action seem'd
To intend so much.

Antonio. This hath a handle to 't,
As well as a point: turn it towards him, and
So fasten the keen edge in his rank gall.
[*Knocking within.*]

How now! who knocks? more earthquakes?

Duchess. I stand

As if a mine beneath my feet were ready
To be blown up.

Cariola. 'Tis Bosola.

Duchess. Away!

O misery! methinks unjust actions
Should wear these masks and curtains, and not we.
You must instantly part hence: I have fashion'd it
Already. [Exit ANTONIO.]

Enter BOSOLA

Bosola. The duke your brother is ta'en up in a whirl-
wind,
Hath took horse, and 's rid post to Rome.

Duchess. So late?

Bosola. He told me, as he mounted into th' saddle,
You were undone.

Duchess. Indeed, I am very near it.

Bosola. What 's the matter?

Duchess. Antonio, the master of our household,
Hath dealt so falsely with me in 's accounts:
My brother stood engag'd with me for money
Ta'en up of certain Neapolitan Jews,
And Antonio lets the bonds be forfeit.

Bosola. Strange!—[*Aside.*] This is cunning.

Duchess. And hereupon
My brother's bills at Naples are protested
Against.—Call up our officers.

Bosola. I shall. [Exit.]

Re-enter ANTONIO

Duchess. The place that you must fly to is Ancona:
Hire a house there; I'll send after you
My treasure and my jewels. Our weak safety
Runs upon enginous wheels: short syllables
Must stand for periods. I must now accuse you
Of such a feignèd crime as Tasso calls

Magnanima menzogna, a noble lie,
'Cause it must shield our honours.—Hark! they are coming.

Re-enter BOSOLA and Officers

Antonio. Will your grace hear me?

Duchess. I have got well by you; you have yielded me
A million of loss: I am like to inherit
The people's curses for your stewardship.
You had the trick in audit-time to be sick,
Till I had sign'd your quietus; and that cur'd you
Without help of a doctor.—Gentlemen,
I would have this man be an example to you all;
So shall you hold my favour; I pray, let him;
For h'as done that, alas, you would not think of,
And, because I intend to be rid of him,
I mean not to publish.—Use your fortune elsewhere.

Antonio. I am strongly arm'd to brook my overthrow;
As commonly men bear with a hard year,
I will not blame the cause on 't; but do think
The necessity of my malevolent star
Procures this, not her humour. Oh, the inconstant
And rotten ground of service! you may see,
'Tis even like him, that in a winter night,
Takes a long slumber o'er a dying fire,
A-loth to part from 't; yet parts thence as cold
As when he first sat down.

Duchess. We do confiscate,
Towards the satisfying of your accounts,
All that you have.

Antonio. I am all yours; and 'tis very fit
All mine should be so.

Duchess. So, sir, you have your pass.

Antonio. You may see, gentlemen, what 'tis to serve
A prince with body and soul. [Exit.

Bosola. Here's an example for extortion: what

moisture is drawn out of the sea, when foul weather comes, pours down, and runs into the sea again.

Duchess. I would know what are your opinions of this Antonio.

Second Officer. He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping: I thought your grace would find him a Jew.

Third Officer. I would you had been his officer, for your own sake.

Fourth Officer. You would have had more money.

First Officer. He stopped his ears with black wool, and to those came to him for money said he was thick of hearing.

Second Officer. Some said he was an hermaphrodite, for he could not abide a woman.

Fourth Officer. How scurvy proud he would look when the treasury was full! Well, let him go!

First Officer. Yes, and the chippings of the buttery fly after him, to scour his gold chain!

Duchess. Leave us. [*Exeunt Officers.*] What do you think of these?

Bosola. That these are rogues that in 's prosperity, but to have waited on his fortune, could have wish'd his dirty stirrup riveted through their noses, and follow'd after 's mule, like a bear in a ring; would have prostituted their daughters to his lust; made their first-born intelligencers; thought none happy but such as were born under his blest planet, and wore his livery: and do these lice drop off now? Well, never look to have the like again: he hath left a sort of flattering rogues behind him; their doom must follow. Princes pay flatterers in their own money: flatterers dissemble their vices, and they dissemble their lies; that 's justice. Alas, poor gentleman!

Duchess. Poor? he hath amply fill'd his coffers.

Bosola. Sure, he was too honest. Pluto, the god of riches, when he 's sent by Jupiter to any man, he goes limping, to signify that wealth that comes on God's name comes slowly; but when he 's sent on the devil's errand, he rides post and comes in by scuttles. Let me show you what a most unvalued jewel you have in a wanton humour thrown away, to bless the man shall find him. He was an excellent courtier and most faithful; a soldier that thought it as beastly to know his own value too little as devilish to acknowledge it too much. Both his virtue and form deserv'd a far better fortune: his discourse rather delighted to judge itself than show itself: his breast was fill'd with all perfection, and yet it seem'd a private whispering-room, it made so little noise of 't.

Duchess. But he was basely descended.

Bosola. Will you make yourself a mercenary herald, rather to examine men's pedigrees than virtues? You shall want him: for know, an honest statesman to a prince is like a cedar planted by a spring; the spring bathes the tree's root, the grateful tree rewards it with his shadow: you have not done so. I would sooner swim to the Bermoothes on two politicians' rotten bladders, tied together with an intelligencer's heart-string, than depend on so changeable a prince's favour. Fare thee well, Antonio! since the malice of the world would needs down with thee, it cannot be said yet that any ill happened unto thee, considering thy fall was accompanied with virtue.

Duchess. Oh, you render me excellent music!

Bosola. Say you?

Duchess. This good one that you speak of is my husband.

Bosola. Do I not dream? can this ambitious age Have so much goodness in 't as to prefer

A man merely for worth, without these shadows
Of wealth and painted honours? possible?

Duchess. I have had three children by him.

Bosola. Fortunate lady!

For you have made your private nuptial bed
The humble and fair seminary of peace.
No question but many an unbeneficed scholar
Shall pray for you for this deed, and rejoice
That some preferment in the world can yet
Arise from merit. The virgins of your land
That have no dowries shall hope your example
Will raise them to rich husbands. Should you want
Soldiers, 'twould make the very Turks and Moors
Turn Christians, and serve you for this act.
Last, the neglected poets of your time,
In honour of this trophy of a man,
Raised by that curious engine, your white hand,
Shall thank you, in your grave, for 't; and make that
More reverend than all the cabinets
Of living princes. For Antonio,
His fame shall likewise flow from many a pen,
When heralds shall want coats to sell to men.

Duchess. As I taste comfort in this friendly speech,
So would I find concealment.

Bosola. Oh, the secret of my prince,
Which I will wear on th' inside of my heart!

Duchess. You shall take charge of all my coin and
jewels,
And follow him; for he retires himself
To Ancona.

Bosola. So.

Duchess. Whither, within few days,
I mean to follow thee.

Bosola. Let me think:
I would wish your grace to feign a pilgrimage

To our Lady of Loretto, scarce seven leagues
From fair Ancona; so may you depart
Your country with more honour, and your flight
Will seem a princely progress, retaining
Your usual train about you.

Duchess. Sir, your direction
Shall lead me by the hand.

Cariola. In my opinion,
She were better progress to the baths at Lucca,
Or go visit the Spa in Germany;
For, if you will believe me, I do not like
This jesting with religion, this feigned
Pilgrimage.

Duchess. Thou art a superstitious fool:
Prepare us instantly for our departure.
Past sorrows, let us moderately lament them;
For those to come, seek wisely to prevent them.

[*Exeunt DUCHESS and CARIOLA.*]

Bosola. A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard: he may work in a lady's chamber,
As here for proof. What rests but I reveal
All to my lord? Oh, this base quality
Of intelligencer! why, every quality i' th' world
Prefers but gain or commendation:
Now for this act I am certain to be rais'd,
And men that paint weeds to the life are prais'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III—*A Room in the CARDINAL'S Palace at Rome*

*Enter CARDINAL, FERDINAND, MALATESTA, PESCARA,
SILVIO, and DELIO*

Cardinal. Must we turn soldier, then?

Malatesta. The emperor,
Hearing your worth that way, ere you attain'd

This reverend garment, joins you in commission
With the right fortunate soldier the Marquis of Pescara,
And the famous Lannoy.

Cardinal. He that had the honour
Of taking the French king prisoner?

Malateste. The same.

Here 's a plot drawn for a new fortification

At Naples.

[*They talk apart.*]

Ferdinand. This great Count Malateste, I perceive,
Hath got employment?

Delio. No employment, my lord;
A marginal note in the muster-book, that he is
A voluntary lord.

Ferdinand. He 's no soldier?

Delio. He has worn gunpowder in 's hollow tooth for
the toothache.

Silvio. He comes to the leaguer with a full intent
To eat fresh beef and garlic, means to stay
Till the scent be gone, and straight return to court.

Delio. He hath read all the late service as the city
chronicle relates it; and keeps two pewterers going,
only to express battles in model.

Silvio. Then he'll fight by the book.

Delio. By the almanac, I think, to choose good days
and shun the critical; that 's his mistress's scarf.

Silvio. Yes, he protests he would do much for that
taffeta.

Delio. I think he would run away from a battle, to
save it from taking prisoner.

Silvio. He is horribly afraid gunpowder will spoil the
perfume on 't.

Delio. I saw a Dutchman break his pate once for calling
him pot-gun; he made his head have a bore in 't like a
musket.

Silvio. I would he had made a touchhole to 't. He is indeed a guarded sumpter-cloth, only for the remove of the court.

*Enter BOSOLA and speaks to FERDINAND and the
CARDINAL*

Pescara. Bosola arriv'd? what should be the business? Some falling-out amongst the cardinals. These factions amongst great men, they are like Foxes; when their heads are divided, They carry fire in their tails, and all the country About them goes to wrack for 't.

Silvio. What 's that Bosola?

Delio. I knew him in Padua—a fantastical scholar, like such who study to know how many knots was in Hercules' club, of what colour Achilles' beard was, or whether Hector were not troubled with the toothache. He hath studied himself half blear-ey'd to know the true symmetry of Caesar's nose by a shoeing-horn; and this he did to gain the name of a speculative man.

Pescara. Mark Prince Ferdinand:
A very salamander lives in 's eye,
To mock the eager violence of fire.

Silvio. That Cardinal hath made more bad faces with his oppression than ever Michael Angelo made good ones: he lifts up 's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm.

Pescara. The Lord Ferdinand laughs.

Delio. Like a deadly cannon that lightens
Ere it smokes.

Pescara. These are your true pangs of death,
The pangs of life, that struggle with great statesmen.

Delio. In such a deformed silence witches whisper
Their charms.

Cardinal. Doth she make religion her riding-hood
To keep her from the sun and tempest?

Ferdinand. That,
That damns her. Methinks her fault and beauty,
Blended together, show like leprosy,
The whiter, the fouler. I make it a question
Whether her beggarly brats were ever christened.

Cardinal. I will instantly solicit the state of Ancona
To have them banish'd.

Ferdinand. You are for Loretto?
I shall not be at your ceremony; fare you well.—
Write to the Duke of Malfi, my young nephew
She had by her first husband, and acquaint him
With 's mother's honesty.

Bosola. I will.

Ferdinand. Antonio!
A slave that only smell'd of ink and counters,
And never in 's life look'd like a gentleman,
But in the audit-time.—Go, go presently,
Draw me out an hundred and fifty of our horse,
And meet me at the fort-bridge. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV—*The Shrine of Our Lady of Loretto*

Enter Two Pilgrims

First Pilgrim. I have not seen a goodlier shrine than
this;
Yet I have visited many.

Second Pilgrim. The Cardinal of Arragon
Is this day to resign his cardinal's hat:
His sister duchess likewise is arriv'd
To pay her vow of pilgrimage. I expect
A noble ceremony.

First Pilgrim. No question.
—They come.

Here the ceremony of the CARDINAL's instalment, in the habit of a soldier, [is] performed in delivering up his cross, hat, robes, and ring, at the shrine, and investing him with sword, helmet, shield, and spurs; then ANTONIO, the DUCHESS, and their children, having presented themselves at the shrine, are, by a form of banishment in dumb-show expressed towards them by the CARDINAL and the state of Ancona, banished: during all which ceremony, this ditty is sung, to very solemn music, by divers churchmen.

Arms and honours deck thy story,
To thy fame's eternal glory!
Adverse fortune ever fly thee;
No disastrous fate come nigh thee!

I alone will sing thy praises,
Whom to honour virtue raises;
And thy study, that divine is,
Bent to martial discipline is.
Lay aside all those robes lie by thee;
Crown thy arts with arms, they'll beautify thee.

O worthy of worthiest name, adorn'd in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on under war's warlike banner!
Oh, mayst thou prove fortunate in all martial courses!
Guide thou still by skill in arts and forces!
Victory attend thee nigh, whilst fame sings loud thy powers;
Triumphant conquest crown thy head, and blessings pour down showers!

[Exeunt all except the Two Pilgrims.]

First Pilgrim. Here 's a strange turn of state! who would have thought

So great a lady would have match'd herself
Unto so mean a person? yet the Cardinal
Bears himself much too cruel.

Second Pilgrim. They are banish'd.

First Pilgrim. But I would ask what power hath this
state

Of Ancona to determine of a free prince?

Second Pilgrim. They are a free state, sir, and her
brother show'd

How that the Pope, fore-hearing of her looseness,
Hath seiz'd into th' protection of the Church
The dukedom which she held as dowager.

First Pilgrim. But by what justice?

Second Pilgrim. Sure, I think by none,
Only by her brother's instigation.

First Pilgrim. What was it with such violence he took
Off from her finger?

Second Pilgrim. 'Twas her wedding-ring;
Which he vow'd shortly he would sacrifice
To his revenge.

First Pilgrim. Alas, Antonio!
If that a man be thrust into a well,
No matter who sets hand to 't, his own weight
Will bring him sooner to th' bottom. Come, let's hence.
Fortune makes this conclusion general,
All things do help th' unhappy man to fall. [Exeunt.

SCENE V—Near Loretto

Enter DUCHESS, ANTONIO, Children, CARIOLA, and
Servants

Duchess. Banish'd Ancona?

Antonio. Yes, you see what power
Lightens in great men's breath.

To those they intend most mischief. [Reads.]

‘Send Antonio to me; I want his head in a business.’

A politic equivocation!

He doth not want your counsel, but your head;

That is, he cannot sleep till you be dead.

And here ’s another pitfall that ’s strew’d o’er

With roses: mark it, ’tis a cunning one: [Reads.]

‘I stand engaged for your husband for several debts at Naples: let not that trouble him; I had rather have his heart than his money:’—

And I believe so too.

Bosola. What do you believe?

Duchess. That he so much distrusts my husband’s love,

He will by no means believe his heart is with him

Until he see it: the devil is not cunning

Enough to circumvent us in riddles.

Bosola. Will you reject that noble and free league

Of amity and love which I present you?

Duchess. Their league is like that of some politic kings,

Only to make themselves of strength and power

To be our after-ruin: tell them so.

Bosola. And what from you?

Antonio. Thus tell him; I will not come.

Bosola. And what of this? [Pointing to the letter.]

Antonio. My brothers have dispers’d

Blood-hounds abroad; which till I hear are muzzl’d,

No truce, though hatch’d with ne’er such politic skill,

Is safe, that hangs upon our enemies’ will.

I’ll not come at them.

Bosola. This proclaims your breeding:

Every small thing draws a base mind to fear,

As the adamant draws iron. Fare you well, sir;

You shall shortly hear from ’s. [Exit.]

Duchess. I suspect some ambush:

Therefore by all my love I do conjure you
To take your eldest son, and fly towards Milan.
Let us not venture all this poor remainder
In one unlucky bottom.

Antonio. You counsel safely.
Best of my life, farewell. Since we must part,
Heaven hath a hand in 't; but no otherwise
Than as some curious artist takes in sunder
A clock or watch, when it is out of frame,
To bring 't in better order.

Duchess. I know not
Which is best, to see you dead, or part with you.
—Farewell, boy :

Thou art happy that thou hast not understanding
To know thy misery; for all our wit
And reading brings us to a truer sense
Of sorrow.—In the eternal church, sir,
I do hope we shall not part thus.

Antonio. Oh, be of comfort !
Make patience a noble fortitude,
And think not how unkindly we are used :
Man, like to cassia, is prov'd best being bruised.

Duchess. Must I, like a slave-born Russian,
Account it praise to suffer tyranny ?
And yet, O heaven, thy heavy hand is in 't !
I have seen my little boy oft scourge his top,
And compar'd myself to 't : naught made me e'er
Go right but heaven's scourge-stick.

Antonio. Do not weep :
Heaven fashion'd us of nothing, and we strive
To bring ourselves to nothing.—Farewell, Cariola,
And thy sweet armful.—If I do never see thee more,
Be a good mother to your little ones,
And save them from the tiger : fare you well.

Duchess. Let me look upon you once more ; for that
speech

Came from a dying father.—Your kiss is colder
Than that I have seen an holy anchorite
Give to a dead man's skull.

Antonio. My heart is turn'd to a heavy lump of lead,
With which I sound my danger: fare you well.
[*Exeunt ANTONIO and his Son.*]

Duchess. My laurel is all withered.

Cariola. Look, madam, what a troop of armèd men
Make toward us.

Duchess. Oh, they are very welcome:
When Fortune's wheel is over-charg'd with princes,
The weight makes it move swift: I would have my ruin
Be sudden.

Re-enter BOSOLA visarded, with a Guard

I am your adventure, am I not?

Bosola. You are: you must see your husband no more.

Duchess. What devil art thou that counterfeits heaven's
thunder?

Bosola. Is that terrible? I would have you tell me
whether

Is that note worse that frights the silly birds
Out of the corn, or that which doth allure them
To the nets? you have hearkened to the last too much.

Duchess. Oh, misery! like to a rusty o'er-charg'd
cannon,
Shall I never fly in pieces?—Come, to what prison?

Bosola. To none.

Duchess. Whither, then?

Bosola. To your palace.

Duchess. I have heard
That Charon's boat serves to convey all o'er
The dismal lake, but brings none back again.

Bosola. Your brothers mean you safety and pity.

Duchess. Pity!

With such a pity men preserve alive
Pheasants and quails, when they are not fat enough
To be eaten.

Bosola. These are your children?

Duchess. Yes.

Bosola. Can they prattle?

Duchess. No;

But I intend, since they were born accurs'd,
Curses shall be their first language.

Bosola. Fie, madam!

Forget this base, low fellow,—

Duchess. Were I a man,
I'd beat that counterfeit face into thy other.

Bosola. One of no birth.

Duchess. Say that he was born mean,
Man is most happy when 's own actions
Be arguments and examples of his virtue.

Bosola. A barren, beggarly virtue!

Duchess. I prithee, who is greatest? can you tell?
Sad tales befit my woe: I'll tell you one.

A salmon, as she swam unto the sea,
Met with a dog-fish, who encounters her
With this rough language: 'Why art thou so bold
To mix thyself with our high state of floods,
Being no eminent courtier, but one

That for the calmest and fresh time o' the year
Dost live in shallow rivers, rank'st thyself
With silly smelts and shrimps? and darest thou
Pass by our dog-ship without reverence?'

'Oh!' quoth the salmon, 'sister, be at peace:
Thank Jupiter we both have pass'd the net!

Our value never can be truly known,
Till in the fisher's basket we be shown:

I' th' market then my price may be the higher,
Even when I am nearest to the cook and fire.'
So to great men the moral may be stretchèd ;
Men oft are valued high, when they 're most wretched.—
But come, whither you please. I am arm'd 'gainst
misery ;
Bent to all sways of the oppressor's will :
There 's no deep valley but near some great hill.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I—*A Room in the Duchess's Palace at Malfi*

Enter FERDINAND and BOSOLA

FERDINAND. How doth our sister
 duchess bear herself
 In her imprisonment?

Bosola. Nobly : I'll describe her.
 She 's sad as one long used to 't, and she
 seems

Rather to welcome the end of misery
 Than shun it ; a behaviour so noble
 As gives a majesty to adversity :
 You may discern the shape of loveliness
 More perfect in her tears than in her smiles :
 She will muse four hours together ; and her silence,
 Methinks, expresseth more than if she spake.

Ferdinand. Her melancholy seems to be fortified
 With a strange disdain.

Bosola. 'Tis so ; and this restraint,
 Like English mastiffs that grow fierce with tying,

Makes her too passionately apprehend
Those pleasures she 's kept from.

Ferdinand. Curse upon her!

I will no longer study in the book
Of another's heart. Inform her what I told you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter DUCHESS

Bosola. All comfort to your grace!

Duchess. I will have none.
Pray thee, why dost thou wrap thy poison'd pills
In gold and sugar?

Bosola. Your elder brother, the Lord Ferdinand,
Is come to visit you, and sends you word,
'Cause once he rashly made a solemn vow
Never to see you more, he comes i' th' night;
And prays you gently neither torch nor taper
Shine in your chamber: he will kiss your hand,
And reconcile himself; but for his vow
He dares not see you.

Duchess. At his pleasure.—Take hence the lights.—
He 's come.

Enter FERDINAND

Ferdinand. Where are you?

Duchess. Here, sir.

Ferdinand. This darkness suits you well.

Duchess. I would ask your pardon.

Ferdinand. You have it; for I account it
The honorabl'st revenge, where I may kill,
To pardon.—Where are your cubs?

Duchess. Whom?

Ferdinand. Call them your children;
For though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.

Duchess. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' Church
Shall make you howl in hell for 't.

Ferdinand. It had been well
 Could you have liv'd thus always ; for, indeed,
 You were too much i' th' light :—but no more ;
 I come to seal my peace with you. Here 's a hand
 [*Gives her a dead man's hand.*]

To which you have vow'd much love ; the ring upon 't
You gave.

Duchess. I affectionately kiss it.

Ferdinand. Pray, do, and bury the print of it in your heart.

I will leave this ring with you for a love-token ;
And the hand as sure as the ring ; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too : when you need a
friend,
Send it to him that owned it ; you shall see
Whether he can aid you.

Duchess. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.—
Ha! lights!—Oh, horrible!

Ferdinand. Let her have lights enough.
[*Exit.*]

Duchess. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

[Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of ANTONIO and his Children, appearing as if they were dead.

Bosola. Look you, here 's the piece from which 'twas
ta'en.

He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.

Duchess. There is not between heaven and earth one wish

I stay for after this: it wastes me more
Than were 't my picture, fashion'd out of wax,
Stuck with a magical needle, and then buried
In some foul dunghill; and yond 's an excellent property
For a tyrant, which I would account mercy.

Bosola. What 's that?

Duchess. If they would bind me to that lifeless trunk,
And let me freeze to death.

Bosola. Come, you must live.

Duchess. That 's the greatest torture souls feel in hell,
In hell, that they must live, and cannot die.
Portia, I'll new kindle thy coals again,
And revive the rare and almost dead example
Of a loving wife.

Bosola. Oh, fie! despair? remember
You are a Christian.

Duchess. The Church enjoins fasting:
I'll starve myself to death.

Bosola. Leave this vain sorrow.
Things being at the worst begin to mend: the bee
When he hath shot his sting into your hand, may then
Play with your eyelid.

Duchess. Good comfortable fellow,
Persuade a wretch that 's broke upon the wheel
To have all his bones new set; entreat him live
To be executed again. Who must dispatch me?
I account this world a tedious theatre,
For I do play a part in 't 'gainst my will.

Bosola. Come, be of comfort; I will save your life.

Duchess. Indeed,
I have not leisure to tend so small a business.

Bosola. Now, by my life, I pity you.

Duchess. Thou art a fool, then,



A DEAD MAN'S HAND...

To waste thy pity on a thing so wretched
As cannot pity it[self]. I am full of daggers.
Puff, let me blow these vipers from me.

Enter Servant

What are you?

Servant. One that wishes you long life.

Duchess. I would thou wert hang'd for the horrible
curse

Thou hast given me: I shall shortly grow one
Of the miracles of pity. I'll go pray;—
No, I'll go curse.

Bosola. Oh, fie!

Duchess. I could curse the stars—

Bosola. Oh, fearful!

Duchess. And those three smiling seasons of the year
Into a Russian winter: nay, the world
To its first chaos.

Bosola. Look you, the stars shine still.

Duchess. Oh, but you must
Remember, my curse hath a great way to go.—
Plagues, that make lanes through largest families
Consume them!—

Bosola. Fie, lady!

Duchess. Let them, like tyrants,
Never be remembered but for the ill they have done;
Let all the zealous prayers of mortified
Churchmen forget them!—

Bosola. Oh, uncharitable!

Duchess. Let Heaven a little while cease crowning
martyrs,
To punish them!—

Go, howl them this, and say, I long to bleed:
It is some mercy when men kill with speed.

[*Exeunt* DUCHESS and *Servant*.]

Re-enter FERDINAND

Ferdinand. Excellent, as I would wish ; she 's plagued in art :

These presentations are but fram'd in wax
By the curious master in that quality,
Vincentio Lauriola, and she takes them
For true substantial bodies.

Bosola. Why do you do this ?

Ferdinand. To bring her to despair.

Bosola. 'Faith, end here,
And go no farther in your cruelty :
Send her a penitential garment to put on
Next to her delicate skin, and furnish her
With beads and prayer-books.

Ferdinand. Damn her ! that body of hers,
While that my blood ran pure in 't, was more worth
Than that which thou wouldst comfort, called a soul.
I will send her masks of common courtezans,
Have her meat serv'd up by bawds and ruffians,
And, 'cause she'll needs be mad, I am resolv'd
To remove forth the common hospital
All the mad-folk, and place them near her lodging ;
There let them practise together, sing and dance,
And act their gambols to the full o' th' moon :
If she can sleep the better for it, let her.
Your work is almost ended.

Bosola. Must I see her again ?

Ferdinand. Yes.

Bosola. Never.

Ferdinand. You must.

Bosola. Never in mine own shape ;
That 's forfeited by my intelligence
And this last cruel lie : when you send me next,
The business shall be comfort.

Ferdinand. Very likely ;

Thy pity is nothing of kin to thee. Antonio
 Lurks about Milan : thou shalt shortly thither
 To feed a fire as great as my revenge,
 Which ne'er will slack till it have spent his fuel :
 Intemperate agues make physicians cruel. [Exeunt.

SCENE II—*Another Room in the DUCHESS's Lodging*

Enter DUCHESS and CARIOLA

Duchess. What hideous noise was that ?

Cariola. 'Tis the wild consort
 Of madmen, lady, which your tyrant brother
 Hath plac'd about your lodging : this tyranny,
 I think, was never practis'd till this hour.

Duchess. Indeed, I thank him : nothing but noise and
 folly

Can keep me in my right wits ; whereas reason
 And silence make me stark mad. Sit down ;
 Discourse to me some dismal tragedy.

Cariola. Oh, 'twill increase your melancholy.

Duchess. Thou art deceived :
 To hear of greater grief would lessen mine.
 This is a prison ?

Cariola. Yes, but you shall live
 To shake this durance off.

Duchess. Thou art a fool :
 The robin-redbreast and the nightingale
 Never live long in cages.

Cariola. Pray, dry your eyes.
 What think you of, madam ?

Duchess. Of nothing ; when I muse thus,
 I sleep.

Cariola. Like a madman, with your eyes open ?

Duchess. Dost thou think we shall know one another
 in th' other world ?

Cariola. Yes, out of question.

Duchess. Oh, that it were possible
We might but hold some two days' conference
With the dead! From them I should learn somewhat,
I am sure,
I never shall know here. I'll tell thee a miracle;
I am not mad yet, to my cause of sorrow:
Th' heaven o'er my head seems made of molten brass,
The earth of flaming sulphur, yet I am not mad.
I am acquainted with sad misery
As the tann'd galley-slave is with his oar;
Necessity makes me suffer constantly,
And custom makes it easy. Who do I look like now?

Cariola. Like to your picture in the gallery,
A deal of life in show, but none in practice;
Or rather like some reverend monument
Whose ruins are even pitied.

Duchess. Very proper;
And Fortune seems only to have her eyesight
To behold my tragedy.—
How now! what noise is that?

Enter Servant

Servant. I am come to tell you
Your brother hath intended you some sport.
A great physician, when the Pope was sick
Of a deep melancholy, presented him
With several sorts of madmen, which wild object
Being full of change and sport, forc'd him to laugh,
And so the imposthume broke: the self-same cure
The duke intends on you.

Duchess. Let them come in.

Servant. There 's a mad lawyer; and a secular priest;
A doctor that hath forfeited his wits
By jealousy; an astrologian
That in his works said such a day o' th' month

Should be the day of doom, and, failing of 't,
 Ran mad; an English tailor crazed i' th' brain
 With the study of new fashions; a gentleman-usher
 Quite beside himself with care to keep in mind
 The number of his lady's salutations
 Or 'How do you[']' she employ'd him in each
 morning;

A farmer, too, an excellent knave in grain,
 Mad 'cause he was hindered transportation:
 And let one broker that 's mad loose to these,
 You'd think the devil were among them.

Duchess. Sit, Cariola.—Let them loose when you
 please,

For I am chain'd to endure all your tyranny.

Enter Madmen

*Here this Song is sung by a Madman to a dismal kind
 of music*

Oh, let us howl some heavy note,
 Some deadly dogged howl,
 Sounding as from the threatening throat
 Of beasts and fatal fowl!
 As ravens, screech-owls, bulls, and bears,
 We'll bell, and bawl our parts,
 Till irksome noise have cloy'd your ears
 And còrrosived your hearts.
 At last, whenas our quire wants breath,
 Our bodies being blest,
 We'll sing, like swans, to welcome death,
 And die in love and rest.

First Madman. Doom's-day not come yet? I'll draw
 it nearer by a perspective, or make a glass that shall set
 all the world on fire upon an instant. I cannot sleep;
 my pillow is stuffed with a litter of porcupines.

Second Madman. Hell is a mere glass-house, where the
 devils are continually blowing up women's souls on
 hollow irons, and the fire never goes out.

Third Madman. I will lie with every woman in my parish the tenth night ; I will tithe them over like hay-cocks.

Fourth Madman. Shall my pothecary out-go me because I am a cuckold ? I have found out his roguery ; he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with overstraining.

First Madman. I have skill in heraldry.

Second Madman. Hast ?

First Madman. You do give for your crest a woodcock's head with the brains picked out on 't ; you are a very ancient gentleman.

Third Madman. Greek is turn'd Turk : we are only to be sav'd by the Helvetian translation.

First Madman. Come on, sir, I will lay the law to you.

Second Madman. Oh, rather lay a corrosive : the law will eat to the bone.

Third Madman. He that drinks but to satisfy nature is damned.

Fourth Madman. If I had my glass here, I would show a sight should make all the women here call me mad doctor.

First Madman. What 's he ? a rope-maker ?

Second Madman. No, no, no, a snuffling knave that, while he shows the tombs, will have his hand in a wench's placket.

Third Madman. Woe to the caroché that brought home my wife from the masque at three o'clock in the morning ! it had a large feather-bed in it.

Fourth Madman. I have pared the devil's nails forty times, roasted them in raven's eggs, and cur'd agues with them.

Third Madman. Get me three hundred milch-bats, to make possets to procure sleep.

Fourth Madman. All the college may throw their caps at me: I have made a soap-boiler costive; it was my masterpiece.

[*Here the dance, consisting of Eight Madmen, with music answerable thereunto; after which, BOSOLA, like an Old Man, enters.*]

Duchess. Is he mad too?

Servant. Pray, question him. I'll leave you.
[*Exeunt Servant and Madmen.*]

Bosola. I am come to make thy tomb.

Duchess. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath: dost thou perceive me sick?

Bosola. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness
Is insensible.

Duchess. Thou art not mad, sure: dost know me?

Bosola. Yes.

Duchess. Who am I?

Bosola. Thou art a box of worm-seed, at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What 's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in; more contemptible, since ours is to preserve earth-worms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass, and the heaven o'er our heads, like her looking-glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.

Duchess. Am not I thy duchess?

Bosola. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleep'st worse than if a mouse should be forc'd to take up her

lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.

Duchess. I am Duchess of Malfi still.

Bosola. That makes thy sleeps so broken:
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.

Duchess. Thou art very plain.

Bosola. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living;
I am a tomb-maker.

Duchess. And thou com'st to make my tomb?

Bosola. Yes.

Duchess. Let me be a little merry:—of what stuff wilt thou make it?

Bosola. Nay, resolve me first, of what fashion?

Duchess. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? do we affect fashion in the grave?

Bosola. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie, as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven; but with their hands under their cheeks, as if they died of the toothache: they are not carved with their eyes fix'd upon the stars; but as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.

Duchess. Let me know fully therefore the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk fit for a charnel.

Bosola. Now I shall:—

Enter Executioners, with a coffin, cords, and a bell

Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.

Duchess. Let me see it:

I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.

Bosola. This is your last presence-chamber.

Cariola. O my sweet lady!

Duchess. Peace; it affrights not me.

Bosola. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.

Duchess. Even now
Thou said'st thou wast a tomb-maker.

Bosola. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification. Listen.

Hark, now every thing is still
The screech-owl and the whistler shrill
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud!
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent:
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin their conception, their birth weeping,
Their life a general mist of error,
Their death a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet,
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck:
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day;
End your groan, and come away.

Cariola. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers! alas!
What will you do with my lady?—Call for help.

Duchess. To whom? to our next neighbours? they are
mad-folks.

Bosola. Remove that noise.

Duchess. Farewell, Cariola.

In my last will I have not much to give :
A many hungry guests have fed upon me ;
Thine will be a poor reversion.

Cariola. I will die with her.

Duchess. I pray thee, look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold, and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.

[CARIOLA is forced out by the Executioners.]

Now what you please :

What death ?

Bosola. Strangling ;
Here are your executioners.

Duchess. I forgive them :
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' th' lungs,
Would do as much as they do.

Bosola. Doth not death fright you ?

Duchess. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world ?

Bosola. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you :
This cord should terrify you.

Duchess. Not a whit :
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds ? or to be smothered
With cassia ? or to be shot to death with pearls ?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits ; and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways.—Any way, for heaven
sake,
So I were out of your whispering. Tell my brothers
That I perceive death, now I am well awake,

Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault,
I'd not be tedious to you.

First Executioner. We are ready.

Duchess. Dispose my breath how please you ; but my
body
Bestow upon my women, will you ?

First Executioner. Yes.

Duchess. Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me :—

Yet stay ; heaven-gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces ; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees [*Kneels*].—Come, violent
death,

Serve for mandragora to make me sleep !—
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet. [*They strangle her.*]

Bosola. Where 's the waiting woman ? Fetch her :
some other
Strangle the children.

[*Exeunt Executioners, some of whom return
with CARIOLA.*]

Look you, there sleeps your mistress.

Cariola. Oh, you are damn'd
Perpetually for this ! My turn is next,
Is 't not so order'd ?

Bosola. Yes, and I am glad
You are so well prepar'd for 't.

Cariola. You are deceiv'd, sir,
I am not prepar'd for 't, I will not die ;
I will first come to my answer, and know
How I have offended.

Bosola. Come, dispatch her.—
You kept her counsel ; now you shall keep ours.

Cariola. I will not die, I must not ; I am contracted
To a young gentleman.

First Executioner. Here 's your wedding-ring.

Cariola. Let me but speak with the duke ; I'll discover
Treason to his person.

Bosola. Delays :—throttle her.

First Executioner. She bites and scratches.

Cariola. If you kill me now,
I am damn'd ; I have not been at confession
This two years.

Bosola. [*To Executioners.*] When ?

Cariola. I am quick with child.

Bosola. Why, then,
Your credit 's sav'd. [*They strangle CARIOLA.*
Bear her into th' next room ;

Let this lie still.

[*Exeunt the Executioners with the body of CARIOLA.*

Enter FERDINAND

Ferdinand. Is she dead ?

Bosola. She is what
You'd have her. But here begin your pity :

[*Shows the Children strangled.*
Alas, how have these offended ?

Ferdinand. The death
Of young wolves is never to be pitied.

Bosola. Fix
Your eye here.

Ferdinand. Constantly.

Bosola. Do you not weep ?
Other sins only speak ; murder shrieks out :
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards and bedews the heavens.

Ferdinand. Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle: she died young.

Bosola. I think not so; her infelicity Seem'd to have years too many.

Ferdinand. She and I were twins; And should I die this instant, I had liv'd Her time to a minute.

Bosola. It seems she was born first: You have bloodily approv'd the ancient truth, That kindred commonly do worse agree Than remote strangers.

Ferdinand. Let me see her face Again. Why didst not thou pity her? what An excellent honest man mightst thou have been, If thou hadst borne her to some sanctuary! Or, bold in a good cause, oppos'd thyself, With thy advancèd sword above thy head, Between her innocence and my revenge! I bade thee, when I was distracted of my wits, Go kill my dearest friend, and thou hast done 't. For let me but examine well the cause: What was the meanness of her match to me? Only I must confess I had a hope, Had she continu'd widow, to have gain'd An infinite mass of treasure by her death: And that was the main cause; her marriage, That drew a stream of gall quite through my heart. For thee, as we observe in tragedies That a good actor many times is curs'd For playing a villain's part, I hate thee for 't, And, for my sake, say, thou hast done much ill well.

Bosola. Let me quicken your memory, for I perceive You are falling into ingratitude: I challenge The reward due to my service.

Ferdinand. I'll tell thee
What I'll give thee.

Bosola. Do.

Ferdinand. I'll give thee a pardon
For this murder.

Bosola. Ha!

Ferdinand. Yes, and 'tis
The largest bounty I can study to do thee.
By what authority didst thou execute
This bloody sentence?

Bosola. By yours.

Ferdinand. Mine? was I her judge?
Did any ceremonial form of law
Doom her to not-being? did a complete jury
Deliver her conviction up i' th' court?
Where shalt thou find this judgement register'd,
Unless in hell? See, like a bloody fool,
Thou'st forfeited thy life, and thou shalt die for 't.

Bosola. The office of justice is perverted quite
When one thief hangs another. Who shall dare
To reveal this?

Ferdinand. Oh, I'll tell thee;
The wolf shall find her grave, and scrape it up,
Not to devour the corpse, but to discover
The horrid murder.

Bosola. You, not I, shall quake for 't.

Ferdinand. Leave me.

Bosola. I will first receive my pension.

Ferdinand. You are a villain.

Bosola. When your ingratitude
Is judge, I am so.

Ferdinand. Oh, horror, that not the fear
Of him which binds the devils can prescribe man
Obedience!—Never look upon me more.

Bosola. Why, fare thee well.

Your brother and yourself are worthy men :
 You have a pair of hearts are hollow graves,
 Rotten, and rotting others ; and your vengeance,
 Like two chain'd bullets, still goes arm in arm :
 You may be brothers ; for treason, like the plague,
 Doth take much in a blood. I stand like one
 That long hath ta'en a sweet and golden dream :
 I am angry with myself, now that I wake.

Ferdinand. Get thee into some unknown part o' th'
 world,
 That I may never see thee.

Bosola. Let me know
 Wherefore I should be thus neglected. Sir,
 I serv'd your tyranny, and rather strove
 To satisfy yourself than all the world :
 And though I loath'd the evil, yet I lov'd
 You that did counsel it ; and rather sought
 To appear a true servant than an honest man.

Ferdinand. I'll go hunt the badger by owl-light :
 'Tis a deed of darkness. [Exit.

Bosola. He's much distracted. Off, my painted
 honour !

While with vain hopes our faculties we tire,
 We seem to sweat in ice and freeze in fire.
 What would I do, were this to do again ?
 I would not change my peace of conscience
 For all the wealth of Europe.—She stirs ; here 's life :—
 Return, fair soul, from darkness, and lead mine
 Out of this sensible hell :—she 's warm, she breathes :—
 Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
 To store them with fresh colour.—Who's there !
 Some cordial drink !—Alas ! I dare not call :
 So pity would destroy pity.—Her eye opes,
 And heaven in it seems to ope, that late was shut.
 To take me up to mercy.

Duchess. Antonio!

Bosola. Yes, madam, he is living;
The dead bodies you saw were but feign'd statues:
He 's reconcil'd to your brothers: the Pope hath
wrought
The atonement.

Duchess. Mercy! [*Dies.*

Bosola. Oh, she 's gone again! there the cords of life
broke.

Oh, sacred innocence, that sweetly sleeps
On turtles' feathers, whilst a guilty conscience
Is a black register wherein is writ
All our good deeds and bad, a perspective
That shows us hell! That we cannot be suffer'd
To do good when we have a mind to it!
This is manly sorrow; these tears, I am very certain,
Never grew in my mother's milk: my estate
Is sunk below the degree of fear: where were
These penitent fountains while she was living?
Oh, they were frozen up! Here is a sight
As direful to my soul as is the sword
Unto a wretch hath slain his father. Come, I'll bear
thee
Hence, and execute thy last will; that 's deliver
Thy body to the reverend dispose
Of some good women: that the cruel tyrant
Shall not deny me. Then I'll post to Milan,
Where somewhat I will speedily enact
Worth my dejection. [*Exit with the body.*





ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I—*A Public Place in Milan*

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO

ANTONIO. What think you of my
hope of reconciliation
To the Arragonian brethren?

Delio. I misdoubt it;
For though they have sent their letters
of safe-conduct

For your repair to Milan, they appear
But nets to entrap you. The Marquis of Pescara,

Under whom you hold certain land in cheat,

Much 'gainst his noble nature hath been mov'd

To seize those lands; and some of his dependants

Are at this instant making it their suit

To be invested in your revenues.

I cannot think they mean well to your life

That do deprive you of your means of life,

Your living.

Antonio. You are still an heretic

To any safety I can shape myself.

Delio. Here comes the marquis : I will make myself
Petitioner for some part of your land,
To know whither it is flying.

Antonio.

I pray do.

[*Withdraws to back.*]

Enter PESCARA

Delio. Sir, I have a suit to you.

Pescara.

To me?

Delio.

An easy one :

There is the citadel of Saint Bennet,
With some demesnes, of late in the possession
Of Antonio Bologna,—please you bestow them on me.

Pescara. You are my friend ; but this is such a suit,
Nor fit for me to give, nor you to take.

Delio. No, sir?

Pescara.

I will give you ample reason for 't
Soon in private :—here 's the Cardinal's mistress.

Enter JULIA

Julia. My lord, I am grown your poor petitioner,
And should be an ill beggar, had I not
A great man's letter here, the Cardinal's,
To court you in my favour. [*Gives a letter.*]

Pescara.

He entreats for you

The citadel of Saint Bennet, that belong'd
To the banish'd Bologna.

Julia.

Yes.

Pescara.

I could not

Have thought of a friend I could rather pleasure
with it :

'Tis yours.

Julia. Sir, I thank you ; and he shall know
How doubly I am engag'd both in your gift,
And speediness of giving, which makes your grant
The greater.

[*Exit.*]

Antonio. [*Aside.*] How they fortify themselves
With my ruin!

Delio. Sir, I am little bound to you.

Pescara. Why?

Delio. Because you denied this suit to me, and gave 't
To such a creature.

Pescara. Do you know what it was?

It was Antonio's land; not forfeited
By course of law, but ravish'd from his throat
By the Cardinal's entreaty: it were not fit
I should bestow so main a piece of wrong
Upon my friend; 'tis a gratification
Only due to a strumpet, for it is injustice.
Shall I sprinkle the pure blood of innocents
To make those followers I call my friends
Look ruddier upon me? I am glad
This land, ta'en from the owner by such wrong,
Returns again unto so foul an use
As salary for his lust. Learn, good Delio,
To ask noble things of me, and you shall find
I'll be a noble giver.

Delio. You instruct me well.

Antonio. [*Aside.*] Why, here 's a man now would
fright impudence
From sauciest beggars.

Pescara. Prince Ferdinand 's come to Milan,
Sick, as they give out, of an apoplexy;
But some say 'tis a frenzy: I am going
To visit him. [*Exit.*]

Antonio. 'Tis a noble old fellow.

Delio. What course do you mean to take, Antonio?

Antonio. This night I mean to venture all my fortune,
Which is no more than a poor lingering life,
To the Cardinal's worst of malice: I have got
Private access to his chamber; and intend

To visit him about the mid of night,
As once his brother did our noble duchess.
It may be that the sudden apprehension
Of danger,—for I'll go in mine own shape,—
When he shall see it fraught with love and duty,
May draw the poison out of him, and work
A friendly reconciliation: if it fail,
Yet it shall rid me of this infamous calling;
For better fall once than be ever falling.

Delio. I'll second you in all danger; and, howe'er,
My life keeps rank with yours.

Antonio. You are still my lov'd
And best friend. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*A Gallery in the CARDINAL's Palace
at Milan*

Enter PESCARA and Doctor

Pescara. Now, doctor, may I visit your patient?

Doctor. If 't please your lordship: but he 's instantly
To take the air here in the gallery
By my direction.

Pescara. Pray thee, what 's his disease?

Doctor. A very pestilent disease, my lord,
They call [it] lycanthropia.

Pescara. What 's that?
I need a dictionary to 't.

Doctor. I'll tell you.
In those that are possess'd with 't there o'erflows
Such melancholy humour they imagine
Themselves to be transformed into wolves;
Steal forth to churchyards in the dead of night,
And dig dead bodies up: as two nights since
One met the duke 'bout midnight in a lane
Behind Saint Mark's Church, with the leg of a man

Upon his shoulder ; and he howl'd fearfully ;
Said he was a wolf, only the difference
Was, a wolf's skin was hairy on the outside,
His on the inside ; bade them take their swords,
Rip up his flesh, and try : straight I was sent for,
And, having minister'd to him, found his grace
Very well recovered.

Pescara. I am glad on 't.

Doctor. Yet not without some fear
Of a relapse. If he grow to his fit again,
I'll go a nearer way to work with him
Than ever Paracelsus dream'd of ; if
They'll give me leave, I'll buffet his madness
Out of him. Stand aside ; he comes.

Enter FERDINAND, CARDINAL, MALATESTA, and BOSOLA

Ferdinand. Leave me.

Malatesta. Why doth your lordship love this solitari-
ness ?

Ferdinand. Eagles commonly fly alone : they are crows,
daws, and starlings that flock together. Look, what 's
that follows me ?

Malatesta. Nothing, my lord.

Ferdinand. Yes.

Malatesta. 'Tis your shadow.

Ferdinand. Stay it ; let it not haunt me.

Malatesta. Impossible, if you move, and the sun shine.

Ferdinand. I will throttle it.

[Throws himself on the ground.]

Malatesta. O, my lord, you are angry with nothing.

Ferdinand. You are a fool : how is 't possible I should
catch my shadow, unless I fall upon 't ? When I go to
hell, I mean to carry a bribe ; for, look you, good gifts
evermore make way for the worst persons.

Pescara. Rise, good my lord.

Ferdinand. I am studying the art of patience.

Pescara. 'Tis a noble virtue.

Ferdinand. To drive six snails before me from this town to Moscow; neither use goad nor whip to them, but let them take their own time;—the patient'st man i' th' world match me for an experiment;—and I'll crawl after like a sheep-biter.

Cardinal. Force him up. [*They raise him.*]

Ferdinand. Use me well, you were best. What I have done, I have done: I'll confess nothing.

Doctor. Now let me come to him.—Are you mad, my lord? are you out of your princely wits?

Ferdinand. What 's he?

Pescara. Your doctor.

Ferdinand. Let me have his beard saw'd off, and his eyebrows fil'd more civil.

Doctor. I must do mad tricks with him, for that 's the only way on 't.—I have brought your grace a salamander's skin to keep you from sun-burning.

Ferdinand. I have cruel sore eyes.

Doctor. The white of a cockatrix's egg is present remedy.

Ferdinand. Let it be a new laid one, you were best.—Hide me from him: physicians are like kings,—they brook no contradiction.

Doctor. Now he begins to fear me: now let me alone with him.

Cardinal. How now? put off your gown?

Doctor. Let me have forty urinals fill'd with rose-water: he and I'll go pelt one another with them.—Now he begins to fear me.—Can you fetch a frisk, sir?—Let him go, let him go, upon my peril: I find by his

eye he stands in awe of me ; I'll make him as tame as a dormouse.

Ferdinand. Can you fetch your frisks, sir?—I will stamp him into a cullis, flay off his skin, to cover one of the anatomies this rogue hath set i' th' cold yonder in Barber-Chirurgion's-hall.—Hence, hence ! you are all of you like beasts for sacrifice : there 's nothing left of you but tongue and belly, flattery and lechery. [*Exit.*

Pescara. Doctor, he did not fear you throughly.

Doctor. True ;
I was somewhat too forward.

Bosola. Mercy upon me,
What a fatal judgement hath fall'n upon this Ferdinand !

Pescara. Knows your grace what accident hath brought
Unto the prince this strange distraction ?

Cardinal. [*Aside.*] I must feign somewhat.—Thus they say it grew.

You have heard it rumour'd, for these many years
None of our family dies but there is seen
The shape of an old woman, which is given
By tradition to us to have been murder'd
By her nephews for her riches. Such a figure
One night, as the prince sat up late at 's book,
Appear'd to him ; when crying out for help,
The gentlemen of 's chamber found his grace
All on a cold sweat, alter'd much in face
And language : since which apparition,
He hath grown worse and worse, and I much fear
He cannot live.

Bosola. Sir, I would speak with you.

Pescara. We'll leave your grace,
Wishing to the sick prince, our noble lord,
All health of mind and body.

Cardinal.

You are most welcome.

[*Exeunt PESCARA, MALATESTA, and Doctor.*

Are you come? so.—[*Aside.*] This fellow must not know

By any means I had intelligence

In our duchess' death; for, though I counsell'd it,

The full of all th' engagement seem'd to grow

From Ferdinand.—Now, sir, how fares our sister?

I do not think but sorrow makes her look

Like to an oft-dyed garment: she shall now

Taste comfort from me. Why do you look so wildly?

Oh, the fortune of your master here the prince

Dejects you; but be you of happy comfort:

If you'll do one thing for me I'll entreat,

Though he had a cold tombstone o'er his bones,

I'd made you what you would be.

Bosola.

Anything;

Give it me in a breath, and let me fly to 't:

They that think long small expedition win,

For musing much o' th' end cannot begin.

Enter JULIA

Julia. Sir, will you come in to supper?

Cardinal.

I am busy;

Leave me.

Julia. [*Aside.*] What an excellent shape hath that fellow!

[*Exit.*

Cardinal. 'Tis thus. Antonio lurks here in Milan:

Inquire him out, and kill him. While he lives,

Our sister cannot marry; and I have thought

Of an excellent match for her. Do this, and style me

Thy advancement.

Bosola.

But by what means shall I find him out?

Cardinal. There is a gentleman called Delio

Here in the camp, that hath been long approv'd

His loyal friend. Set eye upon that fellow;

Follow him to mass ; maybe Antonio,
 Although he do account religion
 But a school-name, for fashion of the world
 May accompany him ; or else go inquire out
 Delio's confessor, and see if you can bribe
 Him to reveal it. There are a thousand ways
 A man might find to trace him ; as to know
 What fellows haunt the Jews for taking up
 Great sums of money, for sure he 's in want ;
 Or else to go to th' picture-makers, and learn
 Who bought her picture lately : some of these
 Happily may take.

Bosola. Well, I'll not freeze i' th' business :
 I would see that wretched thing, Antonio,
 Above all sights i' th' world.

Cardinal. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*

Bosola. This fellow doth breed basilisks in 's eyes,
 He 's nothing else but murder ; yet he seems
 Not to have notice of the duchess' death.
 'Tis his cunning : I must follow his example ;
 There cannot be a surer way to trace
 Than that of an old fox.

Re-enter JULIA, with a pistol

Julia. So, sir, you are well met.

Bosola. How now ?

Julia. Nay, the doors are fast enough : Now, sir,
 I will make you confess your treachery.

Bosola. Treachery ?

Julia. Yes,
 Confess to me which of my women 'twas
 You hired to put love-powder into my drink ?

Bosola. Love-powder ?

Julia. Yes, when I was at Malfi.
 Why should I fall in love with such a face else ?

I have already suffer'd for thee so much pain,
The only remedy to do me good
Is to kill my longing.

Bosola. Sure, your pistol holds
Nothing but perfumes or kissing-comfits.
Excellent lady! You have a pretty way on 't
To discover your longing. Come, come, I'll disarm you,
And arm you thus: yet this is wondrous strange.

Julia. Compare thy form and my eyes together, you'll
find

My love no such great miracle. Now you'll say
I am wanton: this nice modesty in ladies
Is but a troublesome familiar that haunts them.

Bosola. Know you me, I am a blunt soldier.

Julia. The better:
Sure, there wants fire where there are no lively sparks
Of roughness.

Bosola. And I want compliment.

Julia. Why, ignorance
In courtship cannot make you do amiss,
If you have a heart to do well.

Bosola. You are very fair.

Julia. Nay, if you lay beauty to my charge,
I must plead unguilty.

Bosola. Your bright eyes carry
A quiver of darts in them sharper than sunbeams.

Julia. You will mar me with commendation,
Put yourself to the charge of courting me,
Whereas now I woo you.

Bosola. [*Aside.*] I have it, I will work upon this
creature.—

Let us grow most amorously familiar:
If the great Cardinal now should see me thus,
Would he not count me a villain?

Julia. No; he might
 Count me a wanton, not lay a scruple
 Of offence on you; for if I see and steal
 A diamond, the fault is not i' th' stone,
 But in me the thief that purloins it. I am sudden
 With you: we that are great women of pleasure
 Use to cut off these uncertain wishes
 And unquiet longings, and in an instant join
 The sweet delight and the pretty excuse together.
 Had you been i' the' street, under my chamber-window,
 Even there I should have courted you.

Bosola. Oh, you are
 An excellent lady!

Julia. Bid me do somewhat for you
 Presently to express I love you.

Bosola. I will;
 And if you love me, fail not to effect it.
 The Cardinal is grown wondrous melancholy;
 Demand the cause, let him not put you off
 With feign'd excuse; discover the main ground on 't.

Julia. Why would you know this?

Bosola. I have depended on him,
 And I hear that he is fall'n in some disgrace
 With the emperor: if he be, like the mice
 That forsake falling houses, I would shift
 To other dependence.

Julia. You shall not need
 Follow the wars: I'll be your maintenance.

Bosola. And I your loyal servant: but I cannot
 Leave my calling.

Julia. Not leave an ungrateful
 General for the love of a sweet lady?
 You are like some cannot sleep in feather-beds,
 But must have blocks for their pillows.

Bosola. Will you do this?

Julia. Cunningly.

Bosola. To-morrow I'll expect th' intelligence.

Julia. To-morrow? get you into my cabinet;
You shall have it with you. Do not delay me,
No more than I do you: I am like one
That is condemn'd; I have my pardon promis'd,
But I would see it seal'd. Go, get you in:
You shall see me wind my tongue about his heart
Like a skein of silk. [Exit BOSOLA.]

Re-enter CARDINAL

Cardinal. Where are you?

Enter Servants

Servants. Here.

Cardinal. Let none, upon your lives, have conference
With the Prince Ferdinand, unless I know it.—

[*Aside.*] In this distraction he may reveal
The murder. [Exeunt Servants.]

Yond 's my lingering consumption:
I am weary of her, and by any means
Would be quit of.

Julia. How now, my lord? what ails you?

Cardinal. Nothing.

Julia. Oh, you are much alter'd: come, I must be
Your secretary, and remove this lead
From off your bosom: what 's the matter?

Cardinal. I may not
Tell you.

Julia. Are you so far in love with sorrow
You cannot part with part of it? or think you
I cannot love your grace when you are sad
As well as merry? or do you suspect
I, that have been a secret to your heart
These many winters, cannot be the same
Unto your tongue?

Cardinal. Satisfy thy longing,—
The only way to make thee keep my counsel
Is, not to tell thee.

Julia. Tell your echo this,
Or flatterers, that like echoes still report
What they hear though most imperfect, and not me ;
For if that you be true unto yourself,
I'll know.

Cardinal. Will you rack me ?

Julia. No, judgement shall
Draw it from you : it is an equal fault,
To tell one's secrets unto all or none.

Cardinal. The first argues folly.

Julia. But the last tyranny.

Cardinal. Very well : why, imagine I have committed
Some secret deed which I desire the world
May never hear of.

Julia. Therefore may not I know it ?
You have conceal'd for me as great a sin
As adultery. Sir, never was occasion
For perfect trial of my constancy
Till now : sir, I beseech you——

Cardinal. You'll repent it.

Julia. Never.

Cardinal. It hurries thee to ruin : I'll not tell thee.
Be well advis'd, and think what danger 'tis
To receive a prince's secrets : they that do,
Had need have their breasts hoop'd with adamant
To contain them. I pray thee, yet be satisfi'd ;
Examine thine own frailty ; 'tis more easy
To tie knots than unloose them : 'tis a secret
That, like a lingering poison, may chance lie
Spread in thy veins, and kill thee seven year hence.

Julia. Now you dally with me.

Cardinal. No more; thou shalt know it.
By my appointment the great Duchess of Malfi
And two of her young children, four nights since,
Were strangled.

Julia. O Heaven! sir, what have you done!

Cardinal. How now? how settles this? think you your
bosom
Will be a grave dark and obscure enough
For such a secret?

Julia. You have undone yourself, sir.

Cardinal. Why?

Julia. It lies not in me to conceal it.

Cardinal. No?
Come, I will swear you to 't upon this book.

Julia. Most religiously.

Cardinal. Kiss it. [*She kisses the book.*]
Now you shall
Never utter it; thy curiosity
Hath undone thee: thou 'rt poison'd with that book;
Because I knew thou couldst not keep my counsel,
I have bound thee to 't by death.

Re-enter BOSOLA

Bosola. For pity sake,
Hold!

Cardinal. Ha! Bosola?

Julia. I forgive you
This equal piece of justice you have done;
For I betray'd your counsel to that fellow:
He overheard it; that was the cause I said
It lay not in me to conceal it.

Bosola. O foolish woman,
Couldst not thou have poison'd him?

Julia. 'Tis weakness,

Too much to think what should have been done. I go,
I know not whither. [Dies.

Cardinal. Wherefore com'st thou hither?

Bosola. That I might find a great man like yourself,
Not out of his wits as the Lord Ferdinand,
To remember my service.

Cardinal. I'll have thee hew'd in pieces.

Bosola. Make not yourself such a promise of that life
Which is not yours to dispose of.

Cardinal. Who plac'd thee here?

Bosola. Her lust, as she intended.

Cardinal. Very well:

Now you know me for your fellow-murderer.

Bosola. And wherefore should you lay fair marble
colours

Upon your rotten purposes to me?

Unless you imitate some that do plot great treasons,
And when they have done, go hide themselves i' th'
graves

Of those were actors in 't?

Cardinal. No more; there is
A fortune attends thee.

Bosola. Shall I go sue
To Fortune any longer? 'Tis the fool's
Pilgrimage.

Cardinal. I have honours in store for thee.

Bosola. There are a many ways that conduct to seeming
Honour, and some of them very dirty ones.

Cardinal. Throw
To the devil thy melancholy. The fire burns well;
What need we keep a stirring of 't, and make
A greater smother? Thou wilt kill Antonio?

Bosola. Yes.

Cardinal. Take up that body.

Bosola. I think I shall
Shortly grow the common beare[r] for churchyards.

Cardinal. I will allow thee some dozen of attendants
To aid thee in the murder.

Bosola. Oh, by no means. Physicians that apply horse-
leeches to any rank swelling use to cut off their tails, that
the blood may run through them the faster: let me have
no train when I go to shed blood, lest it make me have
a greater when I ride to the gallows.

Cardinal. Come to me after midnight, to help to
remove

That body to her own lodging: I'll give out
She died o' th' plague; 'twill breed the less inquiry
After her death.

Bosola. Where 's Castruchio her husband?

Cardinal. He 's rode to Naples, to take possession
Of Antonio's citadel.

Bosola. Believe me, you have done
A very happy turn.

Cardinal. Fail not to come:
There is the master-key of our lodgings; and by that
You may conceive what trust I plant in you.

Bosola. You shall find me ready. [*Exit CARDINAL.*
O poor Antonio,

Though nothing be so needful to thy estate
As pity, yet I find nothing so dangerous;
I must look to my footing:
In such slippery ice-pavements men had need
To be frost-nailed well, they may break their necks else;
The precedent 's here afore me. How this man
Bears up in blood! seems fearless! Why, 'tis well:
Security some men call the suburbs of hell,
Only a dead wall between. Well, good Antonio,
I'll seek thee out; and all my care shall be

To put thee into safety from the reach
Of these most cruel biters that have got
Some of thy blood already. It may be,
I'll join with thee in a most just revenge:
The weakest arm is strong enough that strikes
With the sword of justice. Still methinks the duchess
Haunts me.—There, there, 'tis nothing but my melan-
choly.

O Penitence, let me truly taste thy cup,
That throws men down only to raise them up! [*Exit.*]

SCENE III—*A Fortification at Milan*

Enter ANTONIO and DELIO

Delio. Yond's the Cardinal's window. This fortifi-
cation

Grew from the ruins of an ancient abbey;
And to yond side o' th' river lies a wall,
Piece of a cloister, which in my opinion
Gives the best echo that you ever heard,
So hollow and so dismal, and withal
So plain in the distinction of our words,
That many have suppos'd it is a spirit
That answers.

Antonio. I do love these ancient ruins.
We never tread upon them but we set
Our foot upon some reverend history:
And, questionless, here in this open court,
Which now lies naked to the injuries
Of stormy weather, some men lie interr'd
Lov'd the church so well, and gave so largely to 't,
They thought it should have canopied their bones
Till doomsday; but all things have their end:
Churches and cities, which have diseases
Like to men, must have like death that we have.

Echo. 'Like death that we have.'

Delio. Now the echo hath caught you.

Antonio. It groaned, methought, and gave
A very deadly accent.

Echo. 'Deadly accent.'

Delio. I told you 'twas a pretty one: you may make it
A huntsman, or a falconer, a musician,
Or a thing of sorrow.

Echo. 'A thing of sorrow.'

Antonio. Aye, sure, that suits it best.

Echo. 'That suits it best.'

Antonio. 'Tis very like my wife's voice.

Echo. 'Aye, wife's voice.'

Delio. Come, let's walk further from 't. I would not
have you
Go to th' Cardinal's to-night: do not.

Echo. 'Do not.'

Delio. Wisdom doth not more moderate wasting sorrow
Than time: take time for 't; be mindful of thy safety.

Echo. 'Be mindful of thy safety.'

Antonio. Necessity compels me:
Make scrutiny throughout the passes of
Your own life, you'll find it impossible
To fly your fate.

Echo. 'Oh, fly your fate.'

Delio. Hark!

The dead stones seem to have pity on you, and give you
Good counsel.

Antonio. Echo, I will not talk with thee,
For thou art a dead thing.

Echo. 'Thou art a dead thing.'

Antonio. My duchess is asleep now,
And her little ones, I hope sweetly: O Heaven,
Shall I never see her more?



THE CARDINAL'S WINDOW

Echo. 'Never see her more.'

Antonio. I mark'd not one repetition of the echo
But that ; and on the sudden a clear light
Presented me a face folded in sorrow.

Delio. Your fancy merely.

Antonio. Come, I'll be out of this ague,
For to live thus is not indeed to live ;
It is a mockery and abuse of life :
I will not henceforth save myself by halves ;
Lose all, or nothing.

Delio. Your own virtue save you !
I'll fetch your eldest son, and second you :
It may be that the sight of his own blood
Spread in so sweet a figure may beget
The more compassion. However, fare you well.
Though in our miseries Fortune have a part,
Yet in our noble sufferings she hath none :
Contempt of pain, that we may call our own. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV—*A Room in the CARDINAL's Palace*

Enter CARDINAL, PESCARA, MALATESTA, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN

Cardinal. You shall not watch to-night by the sick
prince ;
His grace is very well recover'd.

Malatesta. Good my lord, suffer us.

Cardinal. Oh, by no means ;
The noise, and change of object in his eye,
Doth more distract him : I pray, all to bed ;
And though you hear him in his violent fit,
Do not rise, I entreat you.

Pescara. So, sir ; we shall not.

Cardinal. Nay, I must have you promise upon your honours,
For I was enjoin'd to 't by himself; and he seem'd
To urge it sensibly.

Pescara. Let our honours bind
This trifle.

Cardinal. Nor any of your followers.

Malateste. Neither.

Cardinal. It may be, to make trial of your promise,
When he 's sleep, myself will rise and feign
Some of his mad tricks, and cry out for help,
And feign myself in danger.

Malateste. If your throat were cutting,
I'd not come at you, now I have protested against it.

Cardinal. Why, I thank you.

Grisolan. 'Twas a foul storm to-night.

Roderigo. The Lord Ferdinand's chamber shook like
an osier.

Malateste. 'Twas nothing but pure kindness in the
devil,
To rock his own child.

[*Exeunt all except the CARDINAL.*]

Cardinal. The reason why I would not suffer these
About my brother, is, because at midnight
I may with better privacy convey
Julia's body to her own lodging. Oh, my conscience!
I would pray now; but the devil takes away my heart
For having any confidence in prayer.
About this hour I appointed Bosola
To fetch the body: when he hath serv'd my turn,
He dies. [Exit.]

Enter BOSOLA

Bosola. Ha! 'twas the Cardinal's voice; I heard him
name

Scene iv] The Duchess of Malfi 123

Bosola and my death. Listen; I hear
One's footing.

Enter FERDINAND

Ferdinand. Strangling is a very quiet death.

Bosola. [*Aside.*] Nay, then, I see I must stand upon
my guard.

Ferdinand. What say to that? whisper softly; do you
agree to 't? So; it must be done i' th' dark: the
Cardinal would not for a thousand pounds the doctor
should see it. [*Exit.*

Bosola. My death is plotted; here 's the consequence
of murder.

We value not desert nor Christian breath,
When we know black deeds must be cur'd with death.

Enter ANTONIO and Servant

Servant. Here stay, sir, and be confident, I pray:
I'll fetch you a dark lantern. [*Exit.*

Antonio. Could I take him
At his prayers, there were hope of pardon.

Bosola. Fall right, my sword!—[*Stabs him.*
I'll not give thee so much leisure as to pray.

Antonio. Oh, I am gone! Thou hast ended a long
suit
In a minute.

Bosola. What art thou?

Antonio. A most wretched thing,
That only have thy benefit in death,
To appear myself.

Re-enter Servant with a lantern

Servant. Where are you, sir?

Antonio. Very near my home.—Bosola?

Servant. Oh, misfortune!

Bosola. Smother thy pity, thou art dead else.—
Antonio?

The man I would have saved 'bove mine own life!
We are merely the stars' tennis-balls, struck and banded
Which way please them.—O good Antonio,
I'll whisper one thing in thy dying ear
Shall make thy heart break quickly! thy fair duchess
And two sweet children——

Antonio. Their very names
Kindle a little life in me.

Bosola. Are murder'd.

Antonio. Some men have wish'd to die
At the hearing of sad tidings; I am glad
That I shall do 't in sadness: I would not now
Wish my wounds balm'd nor heal'd, for I have no use
To put my life to. In all our quest of greatness,
Like wanton boys, whose pastime is their care,
We follow after bubbles blown in th' air.
Pleasure of life, what is 't? only the good
Hours of an ague; merely a preparative
To rest, to endure vexation. I do not ask
The process of my death; only commend me
To Delio.

Bosola. Break, heart!

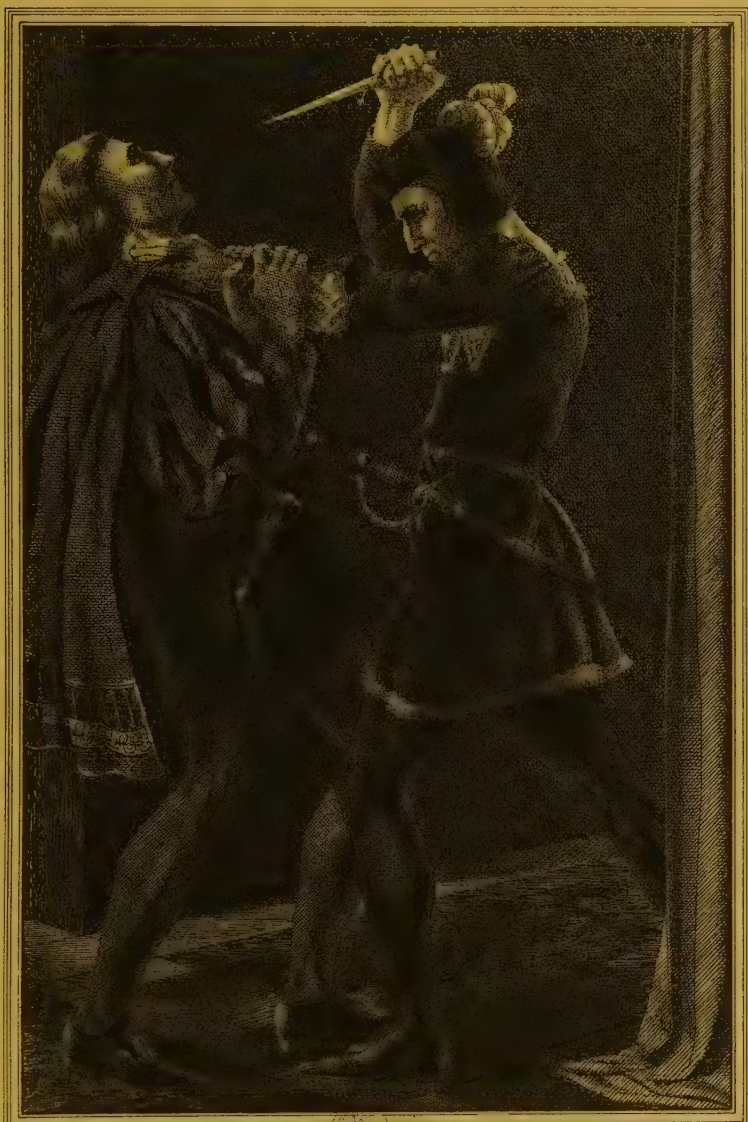
Antonio. And let my son
Fly the courts of princes.

[Dies.]

Bosola. Thou seem'st
To have lov'd Antonio?

Servant. I brought him hither,
To have reconcil'd him to the Cardinal.

Bosola. I do not ask thee that.
Take him up, if thou tender thine own life,
And bear him where the lady Julia
Was wont to lodge.—Oh, my fate moves swift;
I have this Cardinal in the forge already;



THE MAN IN THE HAT (A. J. W. W.)

Now I'll bring him to th' hammer. O direful mis-
prison!

I will not imitate things glorious,
No more than base; I'll be mine own example.—
On, on, and look thou represent, for silence,
The thing thou bear'st. [Exeunt.

SCENE v—*Another Room in the same*

Enter CARDINAL, with a book

Cardinal. I am puzzled in a question about hell:
He says, in hell there 's one material fire,
And yet it shall not burn all men alike.
Lay him by. How tedious is a guilty conscience!
When I look into the fish-ponds in my garden,
Methinks I see a thing arm'd with a rake,
That seems to strike at me.

Enter BOSOLA, and Servant bearing Antonio's body

Now, art thou come?

Thou look'st ghastly:
There sits in thy face some great determination
Mix'd with some fear.

Bosola. Thus it lightens into action:
I am come to kill thee.

Cardinal. Ha!—Help! our guard!

Bosola. Thou art deceived; they are out of thy
howling.

Cardinal. Hold; and I will faithfully divide
Revenues with thee.

Bosola. Thy prayers and proffers
Are both unseasonable.

Cardinal. Raise the watch!
We are betrayed!

Bosola. I have confin'd your flight :
I'll suffer your retreat to Julia's chamber,
But no further.

Cardinal. Help ! we are betrayed !

*Enter, above, PESCARA, MALATESTA, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN*

Malatesta. Listen.

Cardinal. My dukedom for rescue !

Roderigo. Fie upon
His counterfeiting !

Malatesta. Why, 'tis not the Cardinal.

Roderigo. Yes, yes, 'tis he : but I'll see him hang'd
Ere I'll go down to him.

Cardinal. Here 's a plot upon me ;
I am assaulted ! I am lost, unless some rescue.

Grisolan. He doth this pretty well ; but it will not
serve

To laugh me out of mine honour.

Cardinal. The sword 's at my throat !

Roderigo. You would not bawl so loud then.

Malatesta. Come, come,
Let 's go to bed : he told us thus much aforehand.

Pescara. He wish'd you should not come at him ; but,
believe 't,

The accent of the voice sounds not in jest :

I'll down to him, howsoever, and with engines

Force ope the doors. [*Exit above.*]

Roderigo. Let 's follow him aloof,

And note how the Cardinal will laugh at him.

[*Exeunt, above, MALATESTA, RODERIGO, and
GRISOLAN.*]

Bosola. There 's for you first, [*Kills the Servant.*]
'Cause you shall not unbarricade the door
To let in rescue.

Cardinal. What cause hast thou to pursue my life?

Bosola. Look there.

Cardinal. Antonio?

Bosola. Slain by my hand unwittingly.

Pray, and be sudden: when thou killed'st thy sister,
Thou took'st from Justice her most equal balance,
And left her naught but her sword.

Cardinal. Oh, mercy!

Bosola. Now it seems thy greatness was only outward;
For thou fall'st faster of thyself than calamity
Can drive thee. I'll not waste longer time; there!

[*Stabs him.*

Cardinal. Thou hast hurt me.

Bosola. Again! [*Stabs him again.*

Cardinal. Shall I die like a leveret,
Without any resistance?—Help, help, help!
I am slain!

Enter FERDINAND

Ferdinand. Th' alarum? give me a fresh horse;
Rally the vaunt-guard, or the day is lost.
Yield, yield! I give you the honour of arms,
Shake my sword over you; will you yield?

Cardinal. Help me;
I am your brother!

Ferdinand. The devil! My brother fight
Upon the adverse party?

[*He wounds the CARDINAL, and, in the scuffle,
gives BOSOLA his death-wound.*

There flies your ransom.

Cardinal. O justice!
I suffer now for what hath former bin:
Sorrow is held the eldest child of sin.

Ferdinand. Now you're brave fellows. Caesar's fortune
was harder than Pompey's; Caesar died in the
arms of prosperity, Pompey at the feet of disgrace.

You both died in the field. The pain 's nothing: pain many times is taken away with the apprehension of greater, as the toothache with the sight of a barber that comes to pull it out: there 's philosophy for you.

Bosola. Now my revenge is perfect.—Sink, thou main cause
Of my undoing!—The last part of my life
Hath done me best service. [Kills FERDINAND.]

Ferdinand. Give me some wet hay; I am broken-winded. I do account this world but a dog-kennel: I will vault credit and affect high pleasures beyond death.

Bosola. He seems to come to himself, now he 's so near
The bottom.

Ferdinand. My sister, O my sister! there 's the cause
on 't.

Whether we fall by ambition, blood, or lust,
Like diamonds we are cut with our own dust. [Dies.]

Cardinal. Thou hast thy payment too.

Bosola. Yes, I hold my weary soul in my teeth;
'Tis ready to part from me. I do glory
That thou, which stood'st like a huge pyramid
Begun upon a large and ample base,
Shalt end in a little point, a kind of nothing.

*Enter, below, PESCARA, MALATESTA, RODERIGO,
and GRISOLAN*

Pescara. How now, my lord?

Malatesta. O sad disaster!

Roderigo. How
Comes this?

Bosola. Revenge for the Duchess of Malfi murdered
By th' Arragonian brethren; for Antonio
Slain by [t]his hand; for lustful Julia
Poison'd by this man; and lastly for myself,



FERDINAND MAD

That was an actor in the main of all,
Much 'gainst mine own good nature, yet i' th' end
Neglected.

Pescara. How now, my lord?

Cardinal. Look to my brother: he gave us these large wounds,

As we were struggling here i' the rushes. And now,
I pray, let me be laid by and never thought of. [*Dies.*]

Pescara. How fatally, it seems, he did withstand
His own rescue !

Malatesta. Thou wretched thing of blood,
How came Antonio by his death?

Bosola. In a mist :
I know not how : such a mistake as I
Have often seen in a play. Oh, I am gone !
We are only like dead walls or vaulted graves,
That, ruin'd, yield no echo. Fare you well.
It may be pain, but no harm, to me to die
In so good a quarrel. Oh, this gloomy world !
In what a shadow, or deep pit of darkness,
Doth, womanish and fearful, mankind live !
Let worthy minds ne'er stagger in distrust
To suffer death or shame for what is just :
Mine is another voyage. [Dies.]

Pescara. The noble Delio, as I came to the palace,
Told me of Antonio's being here, and show'd me
A pretty gentleman, his son and heir.

Enter DELIO and ANTONIO's Son

Malateste. O sir,
You come too late!

Delio. I heard so, and was arm'd for 't,
Ere I came. Let us make noble use
Of this great ruin; and join all our force
To establish this young hopeful gentleman

In 's mother's right. These wretched eminent things
Leave no more fame behind 'em, than should one
Fall in a frost, and leave his print in snow ;
As soon as the sun shines, it ever melts,
Both form and matter. I have ever thought
Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she 's pleas'd to make them lords of truth :
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end.

[*Exeunt.*





HENRY REYN



THE WHITE DIVEL,

OR,

The Tragedy of *Paulo Giordano*
Ursini, Duke of *Brachiano*,

With

The Life and Death of Vittoria
Corombona the famous
Venetian Curtizan.

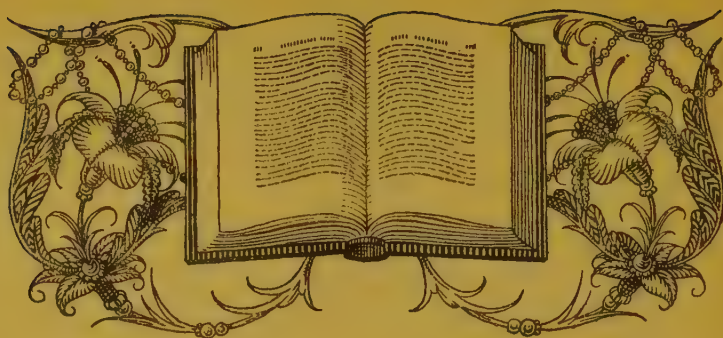
Acted by the Queenes Maiesties Servants.

Written by JOHN WEBSTER.

Non inferiora secutus.

LONDON,

Printed by N.O. for *Thomas Archer*, and are to be sold
at his Shop in Popes head Pallace, neere the
Royall Exchange. 1612.



To the Reader

IN publishing this tragedy, I do but challenge to myself that liberty which other men have ta'en before me: not that I affect praise by it, for *nos haec novimus esse nihil*; only, since it was acted in so dull a time of winter, presented in so open and black a theatre, that it wanted (that which is the only grace and setting-out of a tragedy) a full and understanding auditory; and that, since that time, I have noted most of the people that come to that play-house resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books; I present it to the general view with this confidence,—

Nec rhonchos metues maligniorum,
Nec scombris tunicas dabis molestas.

If it be objected this is no true dramatic poem, I shall easily confess it; *Non potes in nugis dicere plura meas ipse ego quam dixi*. Willingly, and not ignorantly, in this kind have I faulted; for, should a man present to such an auditory the most sententious tragedy that ever was written, observing all the critical laws, as height of style, and gravity of person, enrich it with the sententious Chorus, and, as it were, liven death in the passionate and weighty Nuntius; yet, after all this divine rapture, *O dura messorum ilia*, the breath that comes

from the uncapable multitude is able to poison it ; and, ere it be acted, let the author resolve to fix to every scene this of Horace,

Haec porcis hodie comedenda relinques.

To those who report I was a long time in finishing this tragedy, I confess, I do not write with a goose quill winged with two feathers ; and if they will needs make it my fault, I must answer them with that of Euripides to Alcestides, a tragic writer. Alcestides objecting that Euripides had only, in three days, composed three verses, whereas himself had written three hundred, “Thou tellest truth,” quoth he, “but here’s the difference,—thine shall only be read for three days, whereas mine shall continue three ages.”

Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance : for mine own part, I have ever truly cherished my good opinion of other men’s worthy labours ; especially of that full and heightened style of Master Chapman ; the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson ; the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Master Beaumont and Master Fletcher ; and lastly (without wrong last to be named), the right happy and copious industry of Master Shakespeare, Master Dekker, and Master Heywood ; wishing what I write may be read by their light ; protesting that, in the strength of mine own judgement, I know them so worthy, that though I rest silent in my own work, yet to most of theirs I dare (without flattery) fix that of Martial,

Non norunt haec monumenta mori.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Monticelso, a Cardinal, afterwards Pope.

Francisco de Medicis, Duke of Florence.

Brachiano, otherwise Paulo Giordano Ursini, Duke of
Brachiano, Husband of Isabella.

Giovanni, his Son by Isabella.

Count Lodovico.

Camillo, Husband of Vittoria.

Flamineo, Brother of Vittoria, Secretary to Brachiano.

Marcello, Brother of Vittoria, Attendant on Francisco de
Medicis.

Hortensio, an Officer of Brachiano.

Antonelli, } Friends of Count Lodovico.
Gasparo, }

A Young Lord.

* *Guidantonio*, an Attendant on Isabella.

Doctor Julio.

Conjuror.

Lawyer.

* *Jaques*, a Moor, Servant to Giovanni.

* *Christophero*, an Attendant on Doctor Julio.

Ambassadors, Physicians, Officers, Attendants, &c.

Isabella, Sister of Francisco de Medicis, Wife of
Brachiano.

Vittoria Corombona, married first to Camillo, afterwards
to Brachiano.

Cornelia, Mother of Vittoria, Flamineo, and Marcello.

Zanche, a Moor, Waiting-woman to Vittoria.

Matron of the House of Convertites.

* *Mutae personae*.

SCENE—*Rome, afterwards Padua.*



THE WHITE DEVIL OR VITTORIA COROMBONA

ACT THE FIRST

SCENE I—*A Street in Rome*

Enter COUNT LODOVICO, ANTONELLI, and GASPARO



LODOVICO. Banished?

Antonelli.

It grieved me

much to hear the sentence.

Lodovico. Ha, ha! O Democritus, thy
gods

That govern the whole world—courtly
reward

And punishment! Fortune's a right whore:
If she give aught, she deals it in small parcels,
That she may take away all at one swoop.
This 'tis to have great enemies:—God quit them!
Your wolf no longer seems to be a wolf
Than when she's hungry.

Gasparo. You term those enemies
Are men of princely rank.

Lodovico. O, I pray for them.
The violent thunder is adored by those
Are pashed in pieces by it.

Antonelli. Come, my lord,
You are justly doomed: look but a little back
Into your former life; you have in three years
Ruined the noblest earldom.

Gasparo. Your followers
Have swallowed you like mummia and, being sick
With such unnatural and horrid physic,
Vomit you up i' the kennel.

Antonelli. All the damnable degrees
Of drinkings have you staggered through: one citizen
Is lord of two fair manors called you master
Only for caviare.

Gasparo. Those noblemen
Which were invited to your prodigal feasts
(Wherein the phoenix scarce could scape your throats)
Laugh at your misery; as fore-deeming you
An idle meteor, which, drawn forth the earth,
Would be soon lost i' the air;—

Antonelli. Jest upon you,
And say you were begotten in an earthquake,
You have ruined such fair lordships.

Lodovico. Very good.
This well goes with two buckets: I must tend
The pouring out of either.

Gasparo. Worse than these;
You have acted certain murders here in Rome,
Bloody and full of horror.

Lodovico. 'Las,—they were flea-bitings.
Why took they not my head, then?

Gasparo. Oh, my lord,
The law doth sometimes mediate, thinks it good
Not ever to steep violent sins in blood :
This gentle penance may both end your crimes,
And in the example better these bad times.

Lodovico. So; but I wonder, then, some great men
scape

This banishment : there's Paulo Giordano Ursini,
The Duke of Brachiano, now lives in Rome,
And by close panderism seeks to prostitute
The honour of Vittoria Corombona ;
Vittoria, she that might have got my pardon
For one kiss to the duke.

Antonelli. Have a full man within you.
We see that trees bear no such pleasant fruit
There where they grew first as where they are new set :
Perfumes, the more they are chafed, the more they
render
Their pleasing scents ; and so affliction
Expresseth virtue fully, whether true
Or else adulterate.

Lodovico. Leave your painted comforts:
I'll make Italian cut-works in their guts,
If ever I return.

Gasparo. O, sir !

Lodovico. I am patient.
I have seen some ready to be executed
Give pleasant looks and money, and grown familiar
With the knave hangman: so do I, I thank them,
And would account them nobly merciful,
Would they dispatch me quickly.

Antonelli. Fare you well:
We shall find time, I doubt not, to repeal
Your banishment.

Lodovico. I am ever bound to you :

This is the world's alms; pray, make use of it.
 Great men sell sheep thus to be cut in pieces,
 When first they have shorn them bare and sold their
 fleeces. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II—*A Room in CAMILLO's House*

*Sennet. Enter BRACHIANO, CAMILLO, FLAMINEO,
 VITTORIA COROMBONA, and Attendants*

Brachiano. Your best of rest!

Vittoria. Unto my lord the duke
 The best of welcome!—More lights! attend the duke.
[*Exeunt CAMILLO and VITTORIA.*]

Brachiano. Flamineo,—

Flamineo. My lord?

Brachiano. Quite lost, Flamineo!

Flamineo. Pursue your noble wishes, I am prompt
 As lightning to your service. O, my lord,
 [*Whispers.*] The fair Vittoria, my happy sister,
 Shall give you present audience.—Gentlemen,
 Let the caroché go on; and 'tis his pleasure
 You put out all your torches, and depart.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Brachiano. Are we so happy?

Flamineo. Can't be otherwise?
 Observed you not to-night, my honoured lord,
 Which way so'er you went, she threw her eyes?
 I have dealt already with her chambermaid,
 Zanche the Moor; and she is wondrous proud
 To be the agent for so high a spirit.

Brachiano. We are happy above thought, because 'bove
 merit.

Flamineo. 'Bove merit!—we may now talk freely—
 'bove merit! What is't you doubt? her coyness?
 that's but the superficies of lust most women have: yet

why should ladies blush to hear that named which they do not fear to handle? Oh, they are politic: they know our desire is increased by the difficulty of enjoying; where a satiety is a blunt, weary, and drowsy passion. If the buttery-hatch at court stood continually open, there would be nothing so passionate crowding, nor hot suit after the beverage.

Brachiano. Oh, but her jealous husband!

Flammineo. Hang him! a gilder that hath his brains perished with quicksilver is not more cold in the liver: the great barriers moulted not more feathers than he hath shed hairs, by the confession of his doctor: an Irish gamester that will play himself naked, and then wage all downward at hazard, is not more venturous: so unable to please a woman, that, like a Dutch doublet, all his back is shrunk into his breeches.

Shrowd you within this closet, good my lord:
Some trick now must be thought on to divide
My brother-in-law from his fair bedfellow.

Brachiano. Oh, should she fail to come!

Flammineo. I must not have your lordship thus unwisely amorous. I myself have loved a lady, and pursued her with a great deal of under-age protestation, whom some three or four gallants that have enjoyed would with all their hearts have been glad to have been rid of. 'Tis just like a summer birdcage in a garden; the birds that are without despair to get in, and the birds that are within despair, and are in a consumption, for fear they shall never get out. Away, away, my lord!

[*Exit BRACHIANO.*

See, here he comes. This fellow by his apparel
Some men would judge a politician;
But call his wit in question—you shall find it
Merely an ass in 's foot-cloth.

Re-enter CAMILLO

How now, brother?

What, travelling to bed to your kind wife?

Camillo. I assure you, brother, no; my voyage lies
More northerly, in a far colder clime:

I do not well remember, I protest,
When I last lay with her.

Flamineo. Strange you should lose your count.

Camillo. We never lay together, but ere morning
There grew a flaw between us.

Flamineo. 'T had been your part
To have made up that flaw.

Camillo. True, but she loathes
I should be seen in 't.

Flamineo. Why, sir, what's the matter?

Camillo. The duke, your master, visits me, I thank
him;

And I perceive how, like an earnest bowler,
He very passionately leans that way
He should have his bowl run.

Flamineo. I hope you do not think—

Camillo. That noblemen bowl booty? faith, his cheek
Hath a most excellent bias; it would fain
Jump with my mistress.

Flamineo. Will you be an ass,
Despite your Aristotle? or a cuckold,
Contrary to your Ephemerides,
Which shows you under what a smiling planet
You were first swaddled?

Camillo. Pew-wew, sir, tell not me
Of planets nor of Ephemerides:
A man may be made cuckold in the day-time,
When the stars' eyes are out.

Flamineo. Sir, God, b' wi' you;
I do commit you to your pitiful pillow
Stuffed with horn-shavings.

Camillo. Brother.—

Flaminese. God refuse me!

Might I advise you now, your only course
Were to lock up your wife;—

Camillo. 'Twere very good.

Flaminese. Bar her the sight of revels;—

Camillo. Excellent.

Flaminese. Let her not go to church, but like a hound
In lyam at your heels;—

Camillo. 'Twere for her honour.

Flaminese. And so you should be certain in one
fortnight

Despite her chastity or innocence,
To be cuckolded, which yet is in suspense:
This is my counsel, and I ask no fee for 't.

Camillo. Come, you know not where my nightcap
wrings me.

Flaminese. Wear it o' the old fashion; let your large
ears come through, it will be more easy:—nay, I will be
bitter. Bar your wife of her entertainment? Women
are more willing and more gloriously chaste when they
are least restrained of their liberty. It seems you would
be a fine capricious mathematically jealous coxcomb;
take the height of your own horns with a Jacob's staff
afore they are up. These politic inclosures for paltry
mutton make more rebellion in the flesh than all the
provocative electuaries doctors have uttered since last
jubilee.

Camillo. This doth not physic me.

Flaminese. It seems you are jealous: I'll show you the
error of it by a familiar example. I have seen a pair
of spectacles fashioned with such perspective art, that,
lay down but one twelve pence o' the board, 'twill
appear as if there were twenty; now, should you wear

a pair of these spectacles, and see your wife tying her shoe, you would imagine twenty hands were taking up of your wife's clothes, and this would put you into a horrible causeless fury.

Camillo. The fault there, sir, is not in the eyesight.

Flamineo. True; but they that have the yellow jaundice think all objects they look on to be yellow. Jealousy is worsen; her fits present to a man, like so many bubbles in a basin of water, twenty several crabbed faces; many times makes his own shadow his cuckold-maker. See, she comes.

Re-enter VITTORIA

What reason have you to be jealous of this creature? what an ignorant ass or flattering knave might he be counted, that should write sonnets to her eyes, or call her brow the snow of Ida or ivory of Corinth, or compare her hair to the blackbird's bill, when 'tis liker the blackbird's feather! This is all; be wise, I will make you friends; and you shall go to bed together. Marry, look you, it shall not be your seeking; do you stand upon that by any means: walk you aloof; I would not have you seen in 't. [*CAMILLO retires.*] Sister (my lord attends you in the banqueting-house); your husband is wondrous discontented.

Vittoria. I did nothing to displease him: I carved to him at supper-time.

Flamineo. (You need not have carved him, in faith; they say he is a capon already. I must now seemingly fall out with you.) Shall a gentleman so well descended as Camillo,—(a lousy slave, that within this twenty years rode with the black guard in the duke's carriage, 'mongst spits and dripping-pans)—

Camillo. Now he begins to tickle her.

Flamineo. An excellent scholar,—(one that hath a head filled with calves' brains without any sage in

them),—come crouching in the hams to you for a night's lodging?—(that hath an itch in 's hams, which like the fire at the glass-house hath not gone out this seven years.)—Is he not a courtly gentleman?—(when he wears white satin, one would take him by his black muzzle to be no other creature than a maggot.)—You are a goodly foil, I confess, well set out—(but covered with a false stone, yon counterfeit diamond.)

Camillo. He will make her know what is in me.

Flamineo. (Come, my lord attends you; thou shalt go to bed to my lord)—

Camillo. Now he comes to 't.

Flamineo. (With a relish as curious as a vintner going to taste new wine.)—[*To CAMILLO.*] I am opening your case hard.

Camillo. A virtuous brother, o' my credit!

Flamineo. He will give thee a ring with a philosopher's stone in it.

Camillo. Indeed, I am studying alchymy.

Flamineo. Thou shalt lie in a bed stuffed with turtles' feathers; swoon in perfumed linen, like the fellow was smothered in roses. So perfect shall be thy happiness, that, as men at sea think land and trees and ships go that way they go, so both heaven and earth shall seem to go your voyage. (Shalt meet him; 'tis fixed with nails of diamonds to inevitable necessity.)

Vittoria. How shall 's rid him hence?

Flamineo. I will put the breeches in 's tail—set him gadding presently.—[*To CAMILLO.*] I have almost wrought her to it, I find her coming: but, might I advise you now, for this night I would not lie with her; I would cross her humour to make her more humble.

Camillo. Shall I, shall I?

Flamineo. It will show in you a supremacy of judgment.

Camillo. True, and a mind differing from the tumultuary opinion; for, *quae negata, grata.*

Flamineo. Right: you are the adamant shall draw her to you, though you keep distance off.

Camillo. A philosophical reason.

Flamineo. Walk by her o' the nobleman's fashion, and tell her you will lie with her at the end of the progress.

Camillo. [*Coming forward.*] Vittoria, I cannot be induced, or, as a man would say, incited——

Vittoria. To do what, sir?

Camillo. To lie with you to-night. Your silkworm useth to fast every third day, and the next following spins the better. To-morrow at night I am for you.

Vittoria. You'll spin a fair thread, trust to 't.

Flamineo. [*Aside to CAMILLO.*] But, do you hear, I shall have you steal to her chamber about midnight.

Camillo. Do you think so? why, look you, brother, because you shall not think I'll gull you, take the key, lock me into the chamber, and say you shall be sure of me.

Flamineo. In troth, I will; I'll be your jailer once. But have you ne'er a false door?

Camillo. A pox on 't, as I am a Christian! Tell me to-morrow how scurvily she takes my unkind parting.

Flamineo. I will.

Camillo. Didst thou not mark the jest of the silkworm? Good-night: in faith, I will use this trick often.

Flamineo. Do, do, do. [*Exit CAMILLO; and FLAMINEO locks the door on him.*] So now you are safe.—Ha, ha ha! thou entanglest thyself in thine own work like a silkworm. Come, sister; darkness hides your blush. Women are like curst dogs: civility keeps them tied all daytime, but they are let loose at midnight;

then they do most good, or most mischief.—My lord, my lord!

Re-enter BRACHIANO. ZANCHE brings out a carpet, spreads it, and lays on it two fair cushions.

Brachiano. Give credit, I could wish time would stand still,

And never end this interview, this hour :
But all delight doth itself soon'st devour.

Enter CORNELIA behind, listening

Let me into your bosom, happy lady,
Pour out, instead of eloquence, my vows :
Loose me not, madam ; for, if you forgo me,
I am lost eternally.

Vittoria. Sir, in the way of pity,
I wish you heart-whole.

Brachiano. You are a sweet physician.

Vittoria. Sure, sir, a loathèd cruelty in ladies
Is as to doctors many funerals ;
It takes away their credit.

Brachiano. Excellent creature !
We call the cruel fair : what name for you
That are so merciful ? *[Embraces her.*

Zanche. See, now they close.

Flammineo. Most happy union !

Cornelia. My fears are fall'n upon me : O, my heart !
My son the pander ! now I find our house
Sinking to ruin. Earthquakes leave behind,
Where they have tyrannized, iron, or lead, or stone ;
But, woe to ruin, violent lust leaves none !

Brachiano. What value is this jewel ?

Vittoria. 'Tis the ornament
Of a weak fortune.

Brachiano. In sooth, I'll have it ; nay, I will but change
My jewel for your jewel.

From that strong plant ;
And both were struck dead by that sacred yew,
In that base shallow grave that was their due.

Flamineo. Excellent devil! she hath taught him in a dream

To make away his duchess and her husband.

Brachiano. Sweetly shall I interpret this your dream.
You are lodged within his arms who shall protect you
From all the fevers of a jealous husband ;
From the poor envy of our phlegmatic duchess.
I'll seat you above law, and above scandal ;
Give to your thoughts the invention of delight,
And the fruition ; nor shall government
Divide me from you longer than a care
To keep you great : you shall to me at once
Be dukedom, health, wife, children, friends, and all.

Cornelia. [*Coming forward.*] Woe to light hearts,
they still forerun our fall !

Flamineo. What Fury raised thee up ?—Away, away !
[*Exit ZANCHE.*]

Cornelia. What make you here, my lord, this dead of
night ?

Never dropped mildew on a flower here
Till now.

Flamineo. I pray, will you go to bed, then,
Lest you be blasted ?

Cornelia. O, that this fair garden
Had with all poisoned herbs of Thessaly
At first been planted ; made a nursery
For witchcraft, rather than a burial plot
For both your honours !

Vittoria. Dearest mother, hear me.

Cornelia. O, thou dost make my brow bend to the
earth,

Sooner than nature! See, the curse of children!
In life they keep us frequently in tears;
And in the cold grave leave us in pale fears.

Brachiano. Come, come, I will not hear you.

Vittoria. Dear, my lord—

Cornelia. Where is thy duchess now, adulterous duke?
Thou little dreamd'st this night she is come to Rome.

Flamineo. How! come to Rome!

Vittoria. The duchess!

Brachiano. She had been better—

Cornelia. The lives of princes should like dials move,
Whose regular example is so strong,
They make the times by them go right or wrong.

Flamineo. So; have you done?

Cornelia. Unfortunate Camillo!

Vittoria. I do protest, if any chaste denial,
If anything but blood could have allayed
His long suit to me—

Cornelia. I will join with thee,
To the most woeful end e'er mother kneeled:
If thou dishonour thus thy husband's bed,
Be thy life short as are the funeral tears
In great men's.

Brachiano. Fie, fie, the woman's mad.

Cornelia. Be thy act, Judas-like—betray in kissing:
Mayst thou be envied during his short breath,
And pitied like a wretch after his death!

Vittoria. O me accurst! [Exit.]

Flamineo. Are you out of your wits, my lord?
I'll fetch her back again?

Brachiano. No, I'll to bed:
Send Doctor Julio to me presently.—
Uncharitable woman! thy rash tongue

Hath raised a fearful and prodigious storm :
Be thou the cause of all ensuing harm.

[*Exit.*

Flamineo. Now, you that stand so much upon your honour,

Is this a fitting time o' night, think you,
To send a duke home without e'er a man ?
I would fain know where lies the mass of wealth
Which you have hoarded for my maintenance,
That I may bear my beard out of the level
Of my lord's stirrup.

Cornelia. What ! because we are poor
Shall we be vicious ?

Flamineo. Pray, what means have you
To keep me from the galleys or the gallows ?
My father proved himself a gentleman,
Sold all 's land, and, like a fortunate fellow,
Died ere the money was spent. You brought me up
At Padua, I confess, where, I protest,
For want of means (the university judge me)
I have been fain to heel my tutor's stockings,
At least seven years : conspiring with a beard,
Made me a graduate ; then to this duke's service.
I visited the court, whence I returned
More courteous, more lecherous by far,
But not a suit the richer : and shall I,
Having a path so open and so free
To my preferment, still retain your milk
In my pale forehead ? no, this face of mine
I'll arm, and fortify with lusty wine,
'Gainst shame and blushing.

Cornelia. O, that I ne'er had borne thee !

Flamineo. So would I ;

I would the common'st courtesan in Rome
Had been my mother, rather than thyself.
Nature is very pitiful to whores,
To give them but few children, yet those children

Plurality of fathers: they are sure
They shall not want. Go, go,
Complain unto my great lord cardinal;
Yet may be he will justify the act.

Lycurgus wondered much men would provide
Good stallions for their mares, and yet would suffer
Their fair wives to be barren.

Cornelia.

Misery of miseries!

[*Exit.*

Flamineo. The duchess come to court! I like not that.
We are engaged to mischief, and must on:
As rivers to find out the ocean
Flow with crook bendings beneath forcèd banks;
Or as we see, to aspire some mountain's top,
The way ascends not straight, but imitates
The subtle foldings of a winter's snake;
So who knows policy and her true aspèct,
Shall find her ways winding and indirect.

[*Exit.*





ACT THE SECOND

SCENE I—*A Room in FRANCISCO's Palace*

Enter FRANCISCO DE MEDICIS, CARDINAL MONTICELSO, MARCELLO, ISABELLA, young GIOVANNI, with little JAQUES the Moor.

F RANCISCO. Have you not seen your husband since you arrived?

Isabella. Not yet, sir.

Francisco. Surely he is wondrous kind.

If I had such a dove-house as Camillo's, I would set fire on 't, were 't but to destroy The pole-cats that haunt to it.—My sweet cousin !

Giovanni. Lord uncle, you did promise me a horse And armour.

Francisco. That I did, my pretty cousin.—
Marcello, see it fitted.

Marcello. My lord, the duke is here.

Francisco. Sister, away ! you must not yet be seen.

Isabella. I do beseech you,
Entreat him mildly; let not your rough tongue
Set us at louder variance: all my wrongs
Are freely pardoned; and I do not doubt,
As men, to try the precious unicorn's horn,
Make of the powder a preservative circle,
And in it put a spider, so these arms
Shall charm his poison, force it to obeying,
And keep him chaste from an infected straying.

Francisco. I wish it may. Be gone. Void the chamber.

[*Exeunt* ISABELLA, GIOVANNI, and JAQUES.

Enter BRACHIANO and FLAMINEO.

You are welcome: will you sit?—I pray, my lord,
Be you my orator, my heart's too full;
I'll second you anon.

Monticelso. Ere I begin,
Let me entreat your grace forgo all passion,
Which may be raised by my free discourse.

Brachiano. As silent as i' the church: you may proceed.

Monticelso. It is a wonder to your noble friends,
That you, [who] have, as 'twere, entered the world
With a free sceptre in your able hand,
And have to th' use of nature well applied
High gifts of learning, should in your prime age
Neglect your awful throne for the soft down
Of an insatiate bed. O, my lord,
The drunkard after all his lavish cups
Is dry, and then is sober; so at length,
When you awake from this lascivious dream,
Repentance then will follow, like the sting
Placed in the adder's tail. Wretched are princes
When fortune blasteth but a petty flower
Of their unwieldy crowns, or ravisheth
But one pearl from their sceptres: but, alas,
When they to wilful shipwreck loose good fame,
All princely titles perish with their name!

Brachiano. You have said, my lord.

Monticelso. Enough to give you taste
How far I am from flattering your greatness.

Brachiano. Now you that are his second, what say you?
Do not like young hawks fetch a course about:
Your game flies fair and for you.

Francisco. Do not fear it:
I'll answer you in your own hawking phrase.
Some eagles that should gaze upon the sun
Seldom soar high, but take their lustful ease;
Since they from dunghill birds their prey can seize.
You know Vittoria?

Brachiano. Yes.

Francisco. You shift your shirt there,
When you retire from tennis?

Brachiano. Happily.

Francisco. Her husband is lord of a poor fortune;
Yet she wears cloth of tissue.

Brachiano. What of this?—
Will you urge that, my good lord cardinal,
As part of her confession at next shrift,
And know from whence it sails?

Francisco. She is your strumpet.

Brachiano. Uncivil sir, there's hemlock in thy breath,
And that black slander. Were she a whore of mine,
All thy loud cannons, and thy borrowed Switzers,
Thy galleys, nor thy sworn confederates,
Durst not supplant her.

Francisco. Let's not talk on thunder.
Thou hast a wife, our sister: would I had given
Both her white hands to death, bound and locked fast
In her last winding-sheet, when I gave thee
But one!

Brachiano. Thou hadst given a soul to God, then.

Francisco.

True :

Thy ghostly father, with all 's absolution,
Shall ne'er do so by thee.

Brachiano.

Spit thy poison !

Francisco. I shall not need ; lust carries her sharp whip
At her own girdle. Look to 't, for our anger
Is making thunder-bolts.

Brachiano.

Thunder ? in faith,

They are but crackers.

Francisco.

We'll end this with the cannon.

Brachiano. Thou'lt get naught by it but iron in thy
wounds,
And gunpowder in thy nostrils.

Francisco.

Better that,

Than change perfumes for plasters.

Brachiano.

Pity on thee !

'Twere good you'd show your slaves or men condemned
Your new-ploughed forehead-defiance ! and I'll meet
thee,
Even in a thicket of thy ablest men.

Monticelso. My lords, you shall not word it any
further
Without a milder limit.

Francisco.

Willingly.

Brachiano. Have you proclaimed a triumph, that you
bait
A lion thus ?

Monticelso. My lord !

Brachiano.

I am tame, I am tame, sir.

Francisco. We send unto the duke for conference
'Bout levies 'gainst the pirates ; my lord duke
Is not at home : we come ourself in person ;
Still my lord duke is busied. But we fear,
When Tiber to each prowling passenger

Discovers flocks of wild ducks; then, my lord,
'Bout moulting time I mean, we shall be certain
To find you sure enough, and speak with you.

Brachiano.

Ha!

Francisco. A mere tale of a tub, my words are idle;
But to express the sonnet by natural reason,—
When stags grow melancholic, you'll find the season.

Monticelso. No more, my lord: here comes a champion
Shall end the difference between you both,—

Re-enter GIOVANNI.

Your son, the Prince Giovanni. See, my lords,
What hopes you store in him: this is a casket
For both your crowns, and should be held like dear.
Now is he apt for knowledge; therefore know,
It is a more direct and even way
To train to virtue those of princely blood
By examples than by precepts: if by examples,
Whom should he rather strive to imitate
Than his own father? be his pattern, then;
Leave him a stock of virtue that may last,
Should fortune rend his sails and split his mast.

Brachiano. Your hand, boy, growing to a soldier?

Giovanni. Give me a pike.

Francisco. What, practising your pike so young, fair
coz?

Giovanni. Suppose me one of Homer's frogs, my lord,
Tossing my bullrush thus. Pray, sir, tell me,
Might not a child of good discretion
Be leader to an army?

Francisco. Yes, cousin, a young prince
Of good discretion might.

Giovanni. Say you so?

Indeed, I have heard, 'tis fit a general
Should not endanger his own person oft;
So that he make a noise when he 's o' horseback,

Like a Dansk drummer, O, 'tis excellent !
He need not fight :—methinks his horse as well
Might lead an army for him. If I live,
I'll charge the French foe in the very front
Of all my troops, the foremost man.

Francisco. What, what !

Giovanni. And will not bid my soldiers up and follow,
But bid them follow me.

Brachiano. Forward lapwing !
He flies with the shell on 's head.

Francisco. Pretty cousin !

Giovanni. The first year, uncle, that I go to war,
All prisoners that I take I will set free
Without their ransom.

Francisco. Ha, without their ransom ?
How, then, will you reward your soldiers
That took those prisoners for you ?

Giovanni. Thus, my lord ;
I'll marry them to all the wealthy widows
That fall that year.

Francisco. Why, then, the next year following,
You'll have no men to go with you to war.

Giovanni. Why, then, I'll press the women to the war,
And then the men will follow.

Monticelso. Witty prince !

Francisco. See, a good habit makes a child a man,
Whereas a bad one makes a man a beast.
Come, you and I are friends.

Brachiano. Most wishedly ;
Like bones which, broke in sunder and well set,
Knit the more strongly.

Francisco. Call Camillo hither.

[Exit MARCELLO.]

You have received the rumour, how Count Lodowick
Is turned a pirate?

Brachiano. Yes.

Francisco. We are now preparing
Some ships to fetch him in. [*Re-enter ISABELLA.*]
Behold your duchess.

We now will leave you, and expect from you
Nothing but kind entreaty.

Brachiano. You have charmed me.
[*Exeunt* FRANCISCO, MONTICELSO, and GIOVANNI.
FLAMINEO *retires.*]

You are in health, we see,—

Isabella. And above health,
To see my lord well.

Brachiano. So I wonder much
What amorous whirlwind hurried you to Rome.

Isabella. Devotion, my lord.

Brachiano. Devotion?
Is your soul charged with any grievous sin?

Isabella. 'Tis burdened with too many; and I think,
The oftener that we cast our reckonings up,
Our sleeps will be the sounder.

Brachiano. Take your chamber!

Isabella. Nay, my dear lord, I will not have you angry :

Doth not my absence from you, now two months,
Merit one kiss?

Brachiano. I do not use to kiss.
If that will dispossess your jealousy,
I'll swear it to you.

Isabella. O my loved lord,
I do not come to chide. My jealousy?
I am to learn what that Italian means.
You are as welcome to these longing arms
As I to you a virgin.

Brachiano. O, your breath!
Out upon sweetmeats and continued physic,—
The plague is in them!

Isabella. You have oft, for these two lips,
Neglected cassia or the natural sweets
Of the spring-violet: they are not yet much withered.
My lord, I should be merry: these your frowns
Show in a helmet lovely; but on me,
In such a peaceful interview, methinks
They are too-too roughly knit.

Brachiano. O, dissemblance!
Do you bandy factions 'gainst me? have you learnt
The trick of impudent baseness, to complain
Unto your kindred?

Isabella. Never, my dear lord.

Brachiano. Must I be hunted out? or was 't your trick
To meet some amorous gallant here in Rome,
That must supply our discontinuance?

Isabella. I pray, sir, burst my heart; and in my death
Turn to your ancient pity, though not love.

Brachiano. Because your brother is the corpulent duke,
That is, the great duke, 'sdeath, I shall not shortly
Racket away five hundred crowns at tennis,
But it shall rest upon record! I scorn him
Live a shaved Polack; all his reverend wit
Lies in his wardrobe; he's a discreet fellow
When he is made up in his robes of state.
Your brother, the great duke, because h' as galleys,
And now and then ransacks a Turkish fly-boat,
(Now all the hellish Furies take his soul!)
First made this match: accursèd be the priest
That sang the wedding mass, and even my issue!

Isabella. O, too-too far you have cursed!

Brachiano. Your hand I'll kiss;

This is the latest ceremony of my love.
Henceforth I'll never lie with thee; by this,
This wedding-ring, I'll ne'er more lie with thee:
And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if the judge had doomed it. Fare you well:
Our sleeps are severed.

Isabella. Forbid it, the sweet union
Of all things blessèd! why, the saints in Heaven
Will knit their brows at that.

Brachiano. Let not thy love
Make thee an unbeliever; this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance; let thy brother rage
Beyond a horrid tempest or sea-fight,
My vow is fixed.

Isabella. O my winding-sheet!
Now shall I need thee shortly.—Dear my lord,
Let me hear once more what I would not hear:
Never?

Brachiano. Never.

Isabella. O my unkind lord! may your sins find
mercy,
As I upon a woeful widowed bed
Shall pray for you, if not to turn your eyes
Upon your wretched wife and hopeful son,
Yet that in time you'll fix them upon Heaven!

Brachiano. No more: go, go complain to the great
duke.

Isabella. No, my dear lord; you shall have present
witness
How I'll work peace between you. I will make
Myself the author of your cursèd vow;
I have some cause to do it, you have none.
Conceal it, I beseech you, for the weal
Of both your dukedoms, that you wrought the means

Of such a separation: let the fault
Remain with my supposed jealousy;
And think with what a piteous and rent heart
I shall perform this sad ensuing part.

Re-enter FRANCISCO and MONTICELSO

Brachiano. Well, take your course.—My honourable brother!

Francisco. Sister!—This is not well, my lord.—Why, sister!—

She merits not this welcome.

Brachiano. Welcome, say?
She hath given a sharp welcome.

Francisco. Are you foolish?
Come, dry your tears: is this a modest course
To better what is naught, to rail and weep?
Grow to a reconciliation, or, by Heaven,
I'll ne'er more deal between you.

Isabella. Sir, you shall not;
No, though Vittoria, upon that condition,
Would become honest.

Francisco. Was your husband loud
Since we departed?

Isabella. By my life, sir, no;
I swear by that I do not care to lose.
Are all these ruins of my former beauty
Laid out for a whore's triumph?

Francisco. Do you hear?
Look upon other women, with what patience
They suffer these slight wrongs; with what justice
They study to requite them: take that course.

Isabella. O, that I were a man, or that I had power
To execute my apprehended wishes!
I would whip some with scorpions.

Francisco. What! turned Fury?

Isabella. To dig the strumpet's eyes out; let her lie
Some twenty months a dying; to cut off
Her nose and lips, pull out her rotten teeth;
Preserve her flesh like mummia, for trophies
Of my just anger! Hell to my affliction
Is mere snow-water. By your favour, sir;—
Brother, draw near, and my lord cardinal;—
Sir, let me borrow of you but one kiss:
Henceforth I'll never lie with you, by this,
This wedding-ring.

Francisco. How? ne'er more lie with him?

Isabella. And this divorce shall be as truly kept
As if in throngèd court a thousand ears
Had heard it, and a thousand lawyers' hands
Sealed to the separation.

Brachiano. Ne'er lie with me?

Isabella. Let not my former dotage
Make thee an unbeliever: this my vow
Shall never, on my soul, be satisfied
With my repentance; manet alta mente repostum.

Francisco. Now, by my birth, you are a foolish, mad,
And jealous woman.

Brachiano. You see 'tis not my seeking.

Francisco. Was this your circle of pure unicorn's horn
You said should charm your lord? now, horns upon
thee,
For jealousy deserves them! Keep your vow
And take your chamber.

Isabella. No, sir; I'll presently to Padua;
I will not stay a minute.

Monticelso. O good madam!

Brachiano. 'Twere best to let her have her humour:
Some half-day's journey will bring down her stomach,
And then she'll turn in post.

Francisco. To see her come
To my lord cardinal for a dispensation
Of her rash vow, will beget excellent laughter.

Isabella. [*Aside.*] Unkindness, do thy office; poor heart, break:

Those are the killing griefs which dare not speak. [*Exit.*]

Re-enter MARCELLO with CAMILLO

Marcello. Camillo 's come, my lord.

Francisco. Where's the commission?

Marcello. 'Tis here.

Francisco. Give me the signet.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO, MONTICELSO, CAMILLO, and*
MARCELLO.]

Flamineo. My lord, do you mark their whispering? I will compound a medicine, out of their two heads, stronger than garlic, deadlier than stibium: the cantharides, which are scarce seen to stick upon the flesh when they work to the heart, shall not do it with more silence or invisible cunning.

Brachiano. About the murder?

Flamineo. They are sending him to Naples, but I'll send him to Candy.

Enter DOCTOR JULIO

Here's another property too.

Brachiano. Oh, the doctor!

Flamineo. A poor quack-salving knave, my lord; one that should have been lashed for 's lechery, but that he confessed a judgement, had an execution laid upon him, and so put the whip to a non plus.

Doctor. And was cozened, my lord, by an arranter knave than myself, and made pay all the colourable execution.

Flamineo. He will shoot pills into a man's guts shall

make them have more ventages than a cornet or a lamprey; he will poison a kiss; and was once minded, for his master-piece, because Ireland breeds no poison, to have prepared a deadly vapour in a Spaniard's f—t, that should have poisoned all Dublin.

Brachiano. O, Saint Anthony's fire!

Doctor. Your secretary is merry, my lord.

Flammineo. O thou cursed antipathy to nature!—Look, his eye's bloodshed, like a needle a chirurgeon stitcheth a wound with.—Let me embrace thee, toad, and love thee, O thou abominable loathsome gargarism, that will fetch up lungs, lights, heart, and liver, by scruples!

Brachiano. No more.—I must employ thee, honest doctor :

You must to Padua, and by the way,
Use some of your skill for us.

Doctor. Sir, I shall.

Brachiano. But, for Camillo?

Flamineo. He dies this night, by such a politic strain,
Men shall suppose him by 's own engine slain.

But for your duchess' death—

Doctor. I'll make her sure.

Brachiano. Small mischiefs are by greater made secure.

Flamineo. Remember this, you slave; when knaves come to preferment, they rise as gallowses are raised i' the Low Countries, one upon another's shoulders.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE II—*The same*

Enter FRANCISCO, MONTICELSO, CAMILLO, and
MARCELLO

Monticelso. Here is an emblem, nephew, pray peruse it:

'Twas thrown in at your window.

Camillo. At my window?
Here is a stag, my lord, hath shed his horns,
And for the loss of them the poor beast weeps :
The word, *Inopem me copia fecit*.

Monticelso. That is,
Plenty of horns hath made him poor of horns.

Camillo. What should this mean?

Monticelso. I'll tell you: 'tis given out
You are a cuckold.

Camillo. Is it given out so?
I had rather such report as that, my lord,
Should keep within doors.

Francisco. Have you any children?

Camillo. None, my lord.

Francisco. You are the happier.
I'll tell you a tale.

Camillo. Pray, my lord.

Francisco. An old tale.

Upon a time Phoebus, the god of light,
Or him we call the Sun, would needs be married :
The gods gave their consent, and Mercury
Was sent to voice it to the general world.
But what a piteous cry there straight arose
Amongst smiths and felt-makers, brewers and cooks,
Reapers and butterwomen, amongst fishmongers,
And thousand other trades, which are annoyed
By his excessive heat ! 'twas lamentable.
They came to Jupiter all in a sweat,
And do forbid the banns. A great fat cook
Was made their speaker, who entreats of Jove
That Phoebus might be gelded ; for, if now,
When there was but one sun, so many men
Were like to perish by his violent heat,
What should they do if he were married,
And should beget more, and those children

Make fireworks like their father? So say I;
Only I will apply it to your wife:
Her issue, should not Providence prevent it,
Would make both nature, time, and man repent it.

Monticelso. Look you, cousin,
Go, change the air, for shame; see if your absence
Will blast your cornucopia. Marcello
Is chosen with you joint commissioner
For the relieving our Italian coast
From pirates.

Marcello. I am much honoured in 't.

Camillo. But, sir,
Ere I return, the stag's horns may be sprouted
Greater than those are shed.

Monticelso. Do not fear it:
I'll be your ranger.

Camillo. You must watch i' the nights;
Then 's the most danger.

Francisco. Farewell, good Marcello:
All the best fortunes of a soldier's wish
Bring you a-ship-board!

Camillo. Were I not best, now I am turn'd soldier,
Ere that I leave my wife, sell all she hath,
And then take leave of her?

Monticelso. I expect good from you,
Your parting is so merry.

Camillo. Merry, my lord! o' the captain's humour
right;
I am resolved to be drunk this night.

[*Exeunt CAMILLO and MARCELLO.*]

Francisco. So, 'twas well fitted: now shall we discern
How his wished absence will give violent way
To Duke Brachiano's lust.

Monticelso. Why, that was it;

To what scorned purpose else should we make choice
Of him for a sea-captain? and, besides,
Count Lodowick, which was rumoured for a pirate,
Is now in Padua.

Francisco. Is 't true?

Monticelso. Most certain.
I have letters from him, which are suppliant
To work his quick repeal from banishment:
He means to address himself for pension
Unto our sister duchess.

Francisco. Oh, 'twas well:
We shall not want his absence past six days.
I fain would have the Duke Brachiano run
Into notorious scandal; for there 's naught
In such cursed dotage to repair his name,
Only the deep sense of some deathless shame.

Monticelso. It may be objected, I am dishonourable
To play thus with my kinsman; but I answer,
For my revenge I'd stake a brother's life,
That, being wronged, durst not avenge himself.

Francisco. Come, to observe this strumpet.

Monticelso. Curse of greatness!
Sure he'll not leave her?

Francisco. There's small pity in 't:
Like mistletoe on sear elms spent by weather,
Let him cleave to her, and both rot together. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—*A Room in the House of CAMILLO*

Enter BRACHIANO, with one in the habit of a Conjurer

Brachiano. Now, sir, I claim your promise: 'tis dead
midnight,
The time prefixed to show me, by your art,
How the intended murder of Camillo
And our loathed duchess grow to action.

Conjurer. You have won me by your bounty to a deed I do not often practise. Some there are Which by sophistic tricks aspire that name, Which I would gladly lose, of nigromancer ; As some that use to juggle upon cards, Seeming to conjure, when indeed they cheat ; Others that raise up their confederate spirits 'Bout windmills, and endanger their own necks For making of a squib ; and some there are Will keep a curtal to show juggling tricks, And give out 'tis a spirit ; besides these, Such a whole realm of almanac-makers, figure-flingers, —Fellows, indeed, that only live by stealth, Since they do merely lie about stol'n goods,— They'd make men think the devil were fast and loose, With speaking fustian Latin. Pray, sit down : Put on this night-cap, sir, 'tis charmed ; and now I'll show you, by my strong commanding art, The circumstance that breaks your duchess' heart.

A DUMB SHOW

Enter suspiciously JULIO and CHRISTOPHERO : they draw a curtain where BRACHIANO's picture is, they put on spectacles of glass, which cover their eyes and noses, and then burn perfumes afore the picture, and wash the lips of the picture ; that done, quenching the fire, and putting off their spectacles, they depart laughing.

Enter ISABELLA in her nightgown, as to bed-ward, with lights after her, COUNT LODOVICO, GIOVANNI, GUIDANTONIO, and others waiting on her : she kneels down as to prayers, then draws the curtain of the picture, does three reverences to it, and kisses it thrice ; she faints, and will not suffer them to come near it ; dies : sorrow expressed in GIOVANNI and COUNT LODOVICO ; she is conveyed out solemnly.

Brachiano. Excellent! then she's dead?

Conjurer. She's poisoned
By the fumed picture. 'Twas her custom nightly,
Before she went to bed, to go and visit
Your picture, and to feed her eyes and lips
On the dead shadow. Doctor Julio,
Observing this, infects it with an oil
And other poisoned stuff, which presently
Did suffocate her spirits.

Brachiano. Methought I saw
Count Lodowick there.

Conjurer. He was: and by my art
I find he did most passionately dote
Upon your duchess. Now turn another way,
And view Camillo's far more politic fate.
Strike louder, music, from this charmed ground,
To yield, as fits the act, a tragic sound!

The second DUMB SHOW

Enter FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, CAMILLO, with four more, as Captains; they drink healths, and dance: a vaulting-horse is brought into the room: MARCELLO and two more whispered out of the room, while FLAMINEO and CAMILLO strip themselves into their shirts, as to vault; they compliment who shall begin: as CAMILLO is about to vault, FLAMINEO pitcheth him upon his neck, and, with the help of the rest, writhes his neck about; seems to see if it be broke, and lays him folded double, as 't were, under the horse; makes shows to call for help: MARCELLO comes in, laments; sends for the Cardinal and Duke, who come forth with armed men; wonder at the act; command the body to be carried home; apprehend FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, and the rest, and go, as 't were, to apprehend VITTORIA.

Brachiano. 'Twas quaintly done; but yet each circumstance

I taste not fully.

Conjurer. O, 'twas most apparent:
You saw them enter, charged with their deep healths
To their boon voyage; and, to second that,
Flamineo calls to have a vaulting-horse
Maintain their sport; the virtuous Marcello
Is innocently plotted forth the room;
Whilst your eye saw the rest, and can inform you
The engine of all.

Brachiano. It seems Marcello and Flamineo
Are both committed.

Conjurer. Yes, you saw them guarded;
And now they are come with purpose to apprehend
Your mistress, fair Vittoria. We are now
Beneath her roof: 'twere fit we instantly
Make out by some back-postern.

Brachiano. Noble friend,
You bind me ever to you: this shall stand
As the firm seal annexèd to my hand;
It shall enforce a payment.

Conjurer. Sir, I thank you.

[*Exit* BRACHIANO.]

Both flowers and weeds spring when the sun is warm,
And great men do great good or else great harm.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV—*Courtyard of the Mansion of* MONTICELSO

Enter FRANCISCO *and* MONTICELSO, *their Chancellor and*
Register

Francisco. You have dealt discreetly, to obtain the
presence
Of all the grave lieger ambassadors,
To hear Vittoria's trial.

Monticelso.

'Twas not ill;

For, sir, you know we have naught but circumstances
To charge her with, about her husband's death :
Their approbation, therefore, to the proofs
Of her black lust shall make her infamous
To all our neighbouring kingdoms. I wonder
If Brachiano will be here.

Francisco.

O fie.

'Twere impudence too palpable.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter FLAMINEO and MARCELLO guarded, and a Lawyer
Lawyer. What, are you in by the week? so, I will try
now whether thy wit be close prisoner. Methinks none
should sit upon thy sister but old whore-masters.

Flamineo. Or cuckolds; for your cuckold is your
most terrible tickler of lechery. Whore-masters would
serve; for none are judges at tilting but those that
have been old tilters.

Lawyer. My lord duke and she have been very private.

Flamineo. You are a dull ass; 'tis threatened they
have been very public.

Lawyer. If it can be proved they have but kissed one
another——

Flamineo. What then?

Lawyer. My lord cardinal will ferret them.

Flamineo. A cardinal, I hope, will not catch conies.

Lawyer. For to sow kisses (mark what I say), to sow
kisses is to reap lechery; and, I am sure, a woman that
will endure kissing is half won.

Flamineo. True, her upper part, by that rule: if you
will win her nether part too, you know what follows.

Lawyer. Hark; the ambassadors are lighted.

Flamineo. [*Aside.*] I do put on their feignèd garb
of mirth
To gull suspicion.

Marcello. O my unfortunate sister !
I would my dagger-point had cleft her heart
When she first saw Brachiano : you, 'tis said,
Were made his engine and his stalking-horse,
To undo my sister.

Flamineo. I made a kind of path
To her and mine own preferment.

Marcello. Your ruin.

Flamineo. Hum! thou art a soldier,
Follow'st the great duke, feed'st his victories,
As witches do their serviceable spirits,
Even with thy prodigal blood: what hast got,
But, like the wealth of captains, a poor handful,
Which in thy palm thou bear'st as men hold water?
Seeking to gripe it fast, the frail reward
Steals through thy fingers.

Marcello. Sir !

Flammineo. Thou hast scarce maintenance
To keep thee in fresh shamois.

Marcello. Brother !

Flamineo. Hear me:—

And thus, when we have even poured ourselves
Into great fights, for their ambition
Or idle spleen, how shall we find reward?
But as we seldom find the mistletoe
Sacred to physic, or the builder oak,
Without a mandrake by it; so in our quest of gain,
Alas, the poorest of their forced dislikes
At a limb proffers, but at heart it strikes!
This is lamented doctrine.

Marcello. Come, come.

Flamineo. When age shall turn thee
White as a blooming hawthorn—

Marcello. I'll interrupt you:—

For love of virtue bear an honest heart,
And stride o'er every politic respect,
Which, where they most advance, they most infect.
Were I your father, as I am your brother,
I should not be ambitious to leave you
A better patrimony.

Flamineo. I'll think on 't.—
The lord ambassadors.

[*The Ambassadors pass over the stage severally.*

Lawyer. O my sprightly Frenchman!—Do you know him? he's an admirable tilter.

Flamineo. I saw him at last tilting: he showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting-staff in his hand, little bigger than a candle of twelve i' the pound.

Lawyer. O, but he's an excellent horseman.

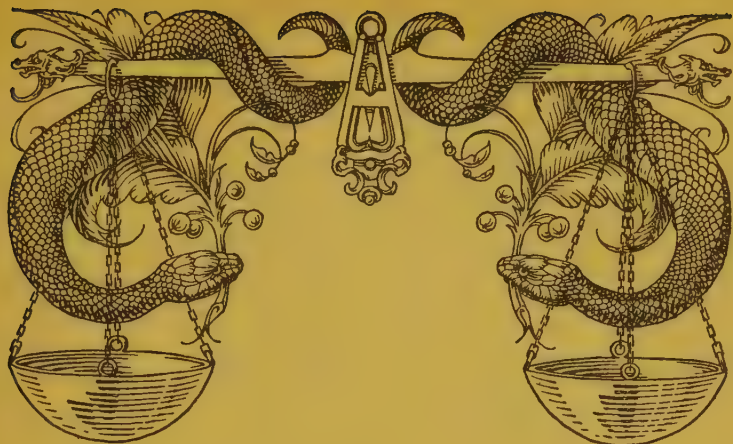
Flamineo. A lame one in his lofty tricks: he sleeps a-horseback, like a poulter.

Lawyer. Lo you, my Spaniard!

Flamineo. He carries his face in 's ruff, as I have seen a serving man carry glasses in a cypress hatband, monstrous steady, for fear of breaking: he looks like the claw of a blackbird, first salted, and then broiled in a candle.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I—*A Hall in MONTICELSO's Mansion*

Enter FRANCISCO, MONTICELSO, the six lieger Ambassadors, BRACHIANO, VITTORIA, FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, Lawyer, a Guard, and Spectators



MONTICELSO. Forbear, my lord,
here is no place assigned you :
This business by his holiness is left
To our examination.

Brachiano. May it thrive with
you !

[Lays a rich gown under him.]

Francisco. A chair there for his lordship !

Brachiano. Forbear your kindness : an unbidden guest
Should travel as Dutchwomen go to church,
Bear their stools with them.

Monticelso. At your pleasure, sir.—
Stand to the table, gentlewoman.—Now, signior,
Fall to your plea.

Lawyer. Domine iudex, converte oculos in hanc pestem, mulierum corruptissimam.

Vittoria. What's he?

Francisco. A lawyer that pleads against you.

Vittoria. Pray, my lord, let him speak his usual tongue; I'll make no answer else.

Francisco. Why? you understand Latin.

Vittoria. I do, sir; but amongst this auditory Which come to hear my cause, the half or more May be ignorant in 't.

Monticelso. Go on, sir.

Vittoria. By your favour,
I will not have my accusation clouded
In a strange tongue; all this assembly
Shall hear what you can charge me with.

Francisco. Signior,
You need not stand on 't much; pray, change your language.

Monticelso. O, for God's sake!—Gentlewoman, your credit
Shall be more famous by it.

Lawyer. Well, then, have at you!

Vittoria. I am at the mark, sir: I'll give aim to you,
And tell you how near you shoot.

Lawyer. Most literated judges, please your lordships
So to connive your judgements to the view
Of this debauched and diversivolt woman;
Who such a black concatenation
Of mischief hath effected, that to extirp
The memory of 't, must be the consummation
Of her and her projections,—

Vittoria. What's all this?

Lawyer. Hold your peace:
Exorbitant sins must have exulceration.

It doth not suit a reverend cardinal
To play the lawyer thus.

Monticelso.

O, your trade

Instructs your language.—

You see, my lords, what goodly fruit she seems ;
Yet, like those apples travellers report
To grow where Sodom and Gomorrah stood,
I will but touch her, and you straight shall see
She'll fall to soot and ashes.

Vittoria.

Your envenomed

Pothecary should do 't.

Monticelso.

I am resolved,

Were there a second Paradise to lose,
This devil would betray it.

Vittoria.

O poor charity !

Thou art seldom found in scarlet.

Monticelso. Who knows not how, when several night
by night

Her gates were choked with coaches, and her rooms
Outbraved the stars with several kind of lights,
When she did counterfeit a prince's court
In music, banquets, and most riotous surfeits,
This whore, forsooth, was holy ?

Vittoria.

Ha ? whore ? what's that ?

Monticelso. Shall I expound whore to you ? sure, I
shall ;

I'll give their perfect character. They are first,
Sweetmeats which rot the eater ; in man's nostril
Poisoned perfumes : they are cozening alchemy ;
Shipwrecks in calmest weather. What are whores ?
Cold Russian winters, that appear so barren
As if that nature had forgot the spring :
They are the true material fire of hell :
Worse than those tributes i' the Low Countries paid,
Exactions upon meat, drink, garments, sleep,

Ay, even on man's perdition, his sin :
They are those brittle evidences of law
Which forfeit all a wretched man's estate
For leaving out one syllable. What are whores ?
They are those flattering bells have all one tune,
At weddings and at funerals. Your rich whores
Are only treasuries by extortion filled,
And emptied by curs'd riot. They are worse,
Worse than dead bodies which are begged at gallows,
And wrought upon by surgeons, to teach man
Wherein he is imperfect. What's a whore ?
She's like the guilty counterfeited coin
Which, whosoe'er first stamps it, brings in trouble
All that receive it.

Vittoria. This character scapes me.

Monticelso. You, gentlewoman !
Take from all beasts and from all minerals
Their deadly poison—

Vittoria. Well, what then ?

Monticelso. I'll tell thee ;
I'll find in thee a pothecary's shop,
To sample them all.

French Ambassador. She hath lived ill.

English Ambassador. True ; but the cardinal's too
bitter.

Monticelso. You know what whore is. Next the devil
adultery,
Enters the devil murder.

Francisco. Your unhappy
Husband is dead.

Vittoria. O, he's a happy husband :
Now he owes nature nothing.

Francisco. And by a vaulting-engine.

Monticelso. An active plot ;
He jumped into his grave.

Francisco. What a prodigy was 't
That from some two yards' height a slender man
Should break his neck!

Monticelso. I' the rushes!

Francisco. And what 's more,
Upon the instant lose all use of speech,
All vital motion, like a man had lain
Wound up three days. Now mark each circumstance.

Monticelso. And look upon this creature was his wife.
She comes not like a widow; she comes armed
With scorn and impudence: is this a mourning-habit?

Vittoria. Had I foreknown his death, as you suggest,
I would have bespoke my mourning.

Monticelso. O, you are cunning.

Vittoria. You shame your wit and judgement,
To call it so. What! is my just defence
By him that is my judge called impudence?
Let me appeal, then, from this Christian court
To the uncivil Tartar.

Monticelso. See, my lords,
She scandals our proceedings.

Vittoria. Humbly thus,
Thus low, to the most worthy and respected
Lieger ambassadors, my modesty
And womanhood I tender; but withal,
So entangled in a cursèd accusation,
That my defence, of force, like Portia's,
Must personate masculine virtue. To the point.
Find me but guilty, sever head from body,
We'll part good friends: I scorn to hold my life
At yours or any man's entreaty, sir.

English Ambassador. She hath a brave spirit.

Monticelso. Well, well, such counterfeit jewels
Make true ones oft suspected.

Vittoria. You are deceived:
For know, that all your strict-combinèd heads,
Which strike against this mine of diamonds,
Shall prove but glassen hammers,—they shall break.
These are but feignèd shadows of my evils:
Terrify babes, my lord, with painted devils;
I am past such needless palsy. For your names
Of whore and murderess, they proceed from you,
As if a man should spit against the wind;
The filth returns in 's face.

Monticelso. Pray you, mistress, satisfy me one
question:
Who lodged beneath your roof that fatal night
Your husband brake his neck?

Brachiano. [*Rising from his seat.*] That question
Enforceth me break silence: I was there.

Monticelso. Your business?

Brachiano. Why, I came to comfort her,
And take some course for settling her estate,
Because I heard her husband was in debt
To you, my lord.

Monticelso. He was.

Brachiano. And 'twas strangely feared
That you would cozen her.

Monticelso. Who made you overseer?

Brachiano. Why, my charity, my charity, which should
flow
From every generous and noble spirit
To orphans and to widows.

Monticelso. Your lust.

Brachiano. Cowardly dogs bark loudest: sirrah priest,
I'll talk with you hereafter. Do you hear?
The sword you frame of such an excellent temper

I'll sheathe in your own bowels.
There are a number of thy coat resemble
Your common post-boys.

Monticelso.

Ha!

Brachiano. Your mercenary post-boys:
Your letters carry truth, but 'tis your guise
To fill your mouths with gross and impudent lies.

[*Moves towards the door.*]

Servant. My lord, your gown.

Brachiano. Thou liest, 'twas my stool:
Bestow't upon thy master, that will challenge
The rest o' the household-stuff; for Brachiano
Was ne'er so beggarly to take a stool
Out of another's lodging: let him make
Vallance for his bed on 't, or a demi-foot-cloth
For his most reverent moil. *Monticelso,*
Nemo me impune lacessit. [Exit.

Monticelso. Your champion's gone.

Vittoria. The wolf may prey the better.

Francisco. My lord, there's great suspicion of the
murder,

But no sound proof who did it. For my part,
I do not think she hath a soul so black
To act a deed so bloody: if she have,
As in cold countries husbandmen plant vines,
And with warm blood manure them, even so
One summer she will bear unsavoury fruit,
And ere next spring wither both branch and root.
The act of blood let pass; only descend
To matter of incontinence.

Vittoria. I discern poison under your gilded pills.

Monticelso. Now the duke's gone, I will produce a
letter,

Wherein 'twas plotted he and you should meet
At an apothecary's summer-house,

Down by the river Tiber,—view 't, my lords,—
Where, after wanton bathing and the heat
Of a lascivious banquet,—I pray read it,
I shame to speak the rest.

Vittoria. Grant I was tempted;
Temptation to lust proves not the act:
Casta est quam nemo rogavit.
You read his hot love to me, but you want
My frosty answer.

Monticelso. Frost i' the dog-days? strange!

Vittoria. Condemn you me for that the duke did love me?

So may you blame some fair and crystal river
For that some melancholic distracted man
Hath drown'd himself in 't.

Monticelso. Truly drown'd, indeed.

Viitoria. Sum up my faults, I pray, and you shall find,
That beauty and gay clothes, a merry heart,
And a good stomach to [a] feast, are all,
All the poor crimes that you can charge me with.
In faith, my lord, you might go pistol flies ;
The sport would be more noble.

Monticelso. Very good.

Vittoria. But take your course: it seems you have
beggared me first,
And now would fain undo me. I have houses,
Jewels, and a poor remnant of crusadoes:
Would those would make you charitable!

Monticello. If the devil
Did ever take good shape, behold his picture.

Vittoria. You have one virtue left,—You will not flatter me.

Francisco. Who brought this letter?

Vittoria. I am not compelled to tell you.

Monticelso. My lord duke sent to you a thousand ducats

The twelfth of August.

Vittoria. 'Twas to keep your cousin
From prison : I paid use for 't.

Monticelso. I rather think
'Twas interest for his lust.

Vittoria. Who says so
But yourself? if you be my accuser,
Pray, cease to be my judge : come from the bench ;
Give in your evidence 'gainst me, and let these
Be moderators. My lord cardinal,
Were your intelligencing ears as loving
As to my thoughts, had you an honest tongue,
I would not care though you proclaimed them all.

Monticelso. Go to, go to.
After your goodly and vainglorious banquet,
I'll give you a choke-pear.

Vittoria. O' your own grafting?

Monticelso. You were born in Venice, honourably
descended
From the Vittelli : 'twas my cousin's fate,—
Ill may I name the hour,—to marry you :
He bought you of your father.

Vittoria. Ha !

Monticelso. He spent there in six months
Twelve thousand ducats, and (to my acquaintance)
Received in dowry with you not one julio :
'Twas a hard pennyworth, the ware being so light.
I yet but draw the curtain ; now to your picture :
You came from thence a most notorious strumpet,
And so you have continued.

Vittoria. My lord,—

Monticelso. Nay, hear me ;

You shall have time to prate. My Lord Brachiano—
Alas, I make but repetition
Of what is ordinary and Rialto talk,
And ballated, and would be played o' the stage,
But that vice many times finds such loud friends
That preachers are charmed silent.—
You gentlemen, Flamineo and Marcello,
The court hath nothing now to charge you with,
Only you must remain upon your sureties
For your appearance.

Francisco. I stand for Marcello.

Flamineo. And my lord duke for me.

Monticelso. For you, Vittoria, your public fault,
 Joined to the condition of the present time,
 Takes from you all the fruits of noble pity.
 Such a corrupted trial have you made
 Both of your life and beauty, and been styled
 No less an ominous fate than blazing stars
 To princes: here's your sentence; you are confined
 Unto a house of convertites, and your bawd—

Flamineo. [*Aside.*] Who, I?

Monticelso. The Moor.

Flammineo. [*Aside.*] O, I am a sound man again.

Vittoria. A house of convertites ! what's that ?

Monticelso. A house
Of penitent whores.

Vittoria. Do the noblemen in Rome
Erect it for their wives, that I am sent
To lodge there?

Francisco. You must have patience.

Viitoria. I must first have vengeance.
I fain would know if you have your salvation
By patent, that you proceed thus.

Monticelso. Away with her!
Take her hence.

Vittoria. A rape! a rape!

Monticelso.

How?

Vittoria. . . . Yes, you have ravished justice;
Forced her to do your pleasure.

Monticelso.

Fie, she 's mad!

Vittoria. Die with those pills in your most cursèd maw
Should bring you health! or while you sit o' the bench
Let your own spittle choke you!—

Monticelso.

She's turned Fury.

Vittoria. That the last day of judgement may so
find you,
And leave you the same devil you were before!
Instruct me, some good horse-leech, to speak treason;
For since you cannot take my life for deeds,
Take it for words! O woman's poor revenge,
Which dwells but in the tongue! I will not weep;
No, I do scorn to call up one poor tear
To fawn on your injustice; bear me hence
Unto this house of—what's your mitigating title?

Monticelso. Of convertites.

Vittoria. It shall not be a house of convertites;
My mind shall make it honester to me
Than the Pope's palace, and more peaceable
Than thy soul, though thou art a cardinal.
Know this, and let it somewhat raise your spite,
Through darkness diamonds spread their richest light.

[*Exit VITTORIA with Guards, followed by Spectators.*]

Re-enter BRACHIANO

Brachiano. Now you and I are friends, sir, we'll shake
hands

In a friend's grave together; a fit place,
Being the emblem of soft peace, to atone our hatred.

Francisco. Sir, what 's the matter?

Brachiano. I will not chase more blood from that loved cheek;

You have lost too much already: fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Francisco. How strange these words sound! what 's the interpretation?

Flammineo. [*Aside.*] Good; this is a preface to the discovery of the duchess' death: he carries it well. Because now I cannot counterfeit a whining passion for the death of my lady, I will feign a mad humour for the disgrace of my sister; and that will keep off idle questions. Treason's tongue hath a villainous palsy in 't: I will talk to any man, hear no man, and for a time appear a politic madman. [*Exit.*]

Enter GIOVANNI and COUNT LODOVICO

Francisco. How now, my noble cousin? what, in black?

Giovanni. Yes, uncle, I was taught to imitate you

In virtue, and you [now] must imitate me

In colours of your garments. My sweet mother

Is——

Francisco. How! where?

Giovanni. Is there; no, yonder: indeed, sir, I'll not tell you,

For I shall make you weep.

Francisco. Is dead?

Giovanni. Do not blame me now;
I did not tell you so.

Lodovico. She's dead, my lord.

Francisco. Dead?

Monticelso. Blessed lady, thou art now above thy woes!—

Will 't please your lordships to withdraw a little?

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Giovanni. What do the dead do, uncle? do they eat,
Hear music, go a-hunting, and be merry,
As we that live?

Francisco. No, coz ; they sleep.

Giovanni. Lord, Lord, that I were dead !
I have not slept these six nights.—When do they wake ?

Francisco. When God shall please.

Giovanni. Good God, let her sleep ever !
For I have known her wake an hundred nights,
When all the pillow where she laid her head
Was brine-wet with her tears. I am to complain to
you, sir ;
I'll tell you how they have used her now she's dead :
They wrapped her in a cruel fold of lead,
And would not let me kiss her.

Francisco. Thou didst love her.

Giovanni. I have often heard her say she gave me suck,
And it should seem by that she dearly loved me,
Since princes seldom do it.

Francisco. O, all of my poor sister that remains !—
Take him away, for God's sake !

[*Exeunt GIOVANNI, LODOVICO, and MARCELLO.*]

Monticelso. How now, my lord ?

Francisco. Believe me, I am nothing but her grave ;
And I shall keep her blessed memory
Longer than thousand epitaphs.

[*Exeunt FRANCISCO and MONTICELSO.*]

SCENE II—*The Courtyard of MONTICELSO'S Mansion*

Enter FLAMINEO as distracted

Flamineseo. We endure the strokes like anvils or hard
steel,
Till pain itself make us no pain to feel.
Who shall do me right now ? Is this the end of
service ? I'd rather go weed garlic ; travel through
France, and be mine own ostler ; wear sheepskin linings,

or shoes that stink of blacking; be entered into the list of the forty thousand pedlars in Poland.

*Enter Ambassadors of Savoy, France, and England,
followed by LODOVICO and MARCELLO*

Would I had rotted in some surgeon's house at Venice, built upon the pox as well as on piles, ere I had served Brachiano!

Savoy Ambassador. You must have comfort.

Flamimeo. Your comfortable words are like honey; they relish well in your mouth that's whole, but in mine that's wounded they go down as if the sting of the bee were in them. Oh, they have wrought their purpose cunningly, as if they would not seem to do it of malice! In this a politician imitates the devil, as the devil imitates a cannon; wheresoever he comes to do mischief, he comes with his backside towards you.

French Ambassador. The proofs are evident.

Flamimeo. Proof! 'twas corruption. O gold, what a god art thou! and O man, what a devil art thou to be tempted by that cursed mineral! Your diversivolt lawyer, mark him: knaves turn informers, as maggots turn to flies; you may catch gudgeons with either. A cardinal! I would he would hear me: there's nothing so holy but money will corrupt and putrify it, like victual under the line. You are happy in England, my lord: here they sell justice with those weights they press men to death with. O horrible salary!

English Ambassador. Fie, fie, Flamimeo!

[Exeunt Ambassadors.]

Flamimeo. Bells ne'er ring well, till they are at their full pitch; and I hope yon cardinal shall never have the grace to pray well till he come to the scaffold. If they were racked now to know the confederacy,—but your noblemen are privileged from the rack; and well may, for a little thing would pull some of them a-pieces

afore they came to their arraignment. Religion, oh, how it is commedled with policy! The first bloodshed in the world happened about religion. Would I were a Jew!

Marcello. Oh, there are too many.

Flamineo. You are deceived: there are not Jews enough, priests enough, nor gentlemen enough.

Marcello. How?

Flamineo. I'll prove it; for if there were Jews enough, so many Christians would not turn usurers; if priests enough, one should not have six benefices; and if gentlemen enough, so many early mushrooms, whose best growth sprang from a dunghill, should not aspire to gentility. Farewell: let others live by begging; be thou one of them practise the art of Wolner in England, to swallow all 's given thee; and yet let one purgation make thee as hungry again as fellows that work in a saw-pit. I'll go hear the screech-owl. [Exit.]

Lodovico. [*Aside.*] That was Brachiano's pander and 'tis strange

That, in such open and apparent guilt
Of his adulterous sister, he dare utter
So scandalous a passion. I must wind him.

Re-enter FLAMINEO

Flamineo. [*Aside.*] How dares this banished count return to Rome,

His pardon not yet purchased? I have heard

The deceased duchess gave him pension,

And that he came along from Padua

I' the train of the young prince. There's somewhat in 't:

Physicians, that cure poisons, still do work

With counter-poisons.

Marcello.

Mark this strange encounter.

Flamineo. [To *Lodovico*.] The god of melancholy
turn thy gall to poison,
And let the stigmatic wrinkles in thy face,
Like to the boisterous waves in a rough tide,
One still overtake another.

Lodovico. I do thank thee,
And I do wish ingeniously for thy sake
The dog-days all year long.

Flamineo. How croaks the raven?
Is our good duchess dead?

Lodovico. Dead.

Flamineo. O fate!
Misfortune comes, like the coroner's business,
Huddle upon huddle.

Lodovico. Shalt thou and I join house-keeping?

Flamineo. Yes, content:
Let's be unsociably sociable,—

Lodovico. Sit some three days together, and discourse—

Flamineo. Only with making faces: lie in our clothes,—

Lodovico. With faggots for our pillows,—

Flamineo. And be lousy—

Lodovico. In taffata linings; that's genteel melancholy:
Sleep all day,—

Flamineo. Yes; and, like your melancholic hare,
Feed after midnight.—

We are observed: see how yon couple grieve!

Lodovico. What a strange creature is a laughing fool!
As if man were created to no use
But only to show his teeth.

Flamineo. I'll tell thee what,—

It would do well, instead of looking-glasses,
To set one's face each morning by a saucer
Of a witch's congealed blood.

Lodovico. Precious gue!
We'll never part.

Flamineo. Never, till the beggary of courtiers,
The discontent of churchmen, want of soldiers,
And all the creatures that hang manacled,
Worse than strappadoed, on the lowest felly
Of Fortune's wheel, be taught, in our two lives,
To scorn that world which life of means deprives.

Enter ANTONELLI and GASPARO

Antonelli. My lord, I bring good news. The Pope,
on 's death-bed,
At the earnest suit of the Great Duke of Florence,
Hath signed your pardon, and restored unto you——

Lodovico. I thank you for your news.—Look up again,
Flamineo; see my pardon.

Flamineo. Why do you laugh?
There was no such condition in our covenant.

Lodovico. Why?

Flamineo. You shall not seem a happier man than I:
You know our vow, sir; if you will be merry,
Do it i' the like posture as if some great man
Sate while his enemy were executed;
Though it be very lechery unto thee,
Do 't with a crabbèd politician's face.

Lodovico. Your sister is a damnable whore.

Flamineo. Ha!

Lodovico. Look you, I spake that laughing.

Flamineo. Dost ever think to speak again?

Lodovico. Do you hear?
Wilt sell me forty ounces of her blood
To water a mandrake?

Flamineo. Poor lord, you did vow
To live a lousy creature.

Lodovico. Yes.

Flamineo. Like one
That had for ever forfeited the daylight
By being in debt.

Lodovico. Ha, ha!

Flamineo. I do not greatly wonder you do break;
Your lordship learned it long since. But I'll tell
you——

Lodovico. What?

Flamineo. And 't shall stick by you,—

Lodovico. I long for it.

Flamineo. This laughter scurvily becomes your face:
If you will not be melancholy, be angry. [*Strikes him.*
See, now I laugh too.

Marcello. You are to blame: I'll force you hence.

Lodovico. Unhand me.

[*Exeunt MARCELLO and FLAMINEO.*

That e'er I should be forced to right myself
Upon a pander!

Antonelli. My lord,—

Lodovico. H'ad been as good
Met with his fist a thunderbolt.

Gasparo. How this shows!

Lodovico. Ud's death, how did my sword miss him?
These rogues

That are most weary of their lives still scape
The greatest dangers.

A pox upon him! all his reputation,

Nay, all the goodness of his family,

Is not worth half this earthquake:

I learned it of no fencer to shake thus:

Come, I'll forget him, and go drink some wine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—*A Room in the Palace of FRANCISCO*

Enter FRANCISCO and MONTICELSO

Monticelso. Come, come, my lord, untie your folded thoughts,
And let them dangle loose as a bride's hair.
Your sister's poisoned.

Francisco. Far be it from my thoughts
To seek revenge.

Monticelso. What, are you turned all marble?

Francisco. Shall I defy him, and impose a war
Most burdensome on my poor subjects' necks,
Which at my will I have not power to end?
You know, for all the murders, rapes, and thefts,
Committed in the horrid lust of war,
He that unjustly caused it first proceed
Shall find it in his grave and in his seed.

Monticelso. That's not the course I'd wish you; pray,
observe me.

We see that undermining more prevails
Than doth the cannon. Bear your wrongs concealed,
And, patient as the tortoise, let this camel
Stalk o'er your back unbruised: sleep with the lion,
And let this brood of secure foolish mice
Play with your nostrils, till the time be ripe
For the bloody audit and the fatal gripe:
Aim like a cunning fowler, close one eye,
That you the better may your game espy.

Francisco. Free me, my innocence, from treacherous
acts!

I know there's thunder yonder; and I'll stand
Like a safe valley, which low bends the knee
To some aspiring mountain; since I know
Treason, like spiders weaving nets for flies,
By her foul work is found, and in it dies.

To pass away these thoughts, my honoured lord,
It is reported you possess a book,
Wherein you have quoted, by intelligence,
The names of all notorious offenders .
Lurking about the city.

Monticelso. Sir, I do ;
And some there are which call it my black book :
Well may the title hold ; for though it teach not
The art of conjuring, yet in it lurk
The names of many devils.

Francisco. Pray, let's see it.

Monticelso. I'll fetch it to your lordship. [*Exit.*]

Francisco. Monticello,

I will not trust thee ; but in all my plots
I'll rest as jealous as a town besieged.
Thou canst not reach what I intend to act :
Your flax soon kindles, soon is out again ;
But gold slow heats, and long will hot remain.

Re-enter MONTICELSO, *presents* FRANCISCO *with a book*

Monticelso. 'Tis here, my lord.

Francisco. First, your intelligencers, pray, let 's see.

Monticelso. Their number rises strangely; and some of them

You'd take for honest men. Next are panders,—
These are your pirates; and these following leaves
For base rogues that undo young gentlemen
By taking up commodities, for politic bankrupts;
For fellows that are bawds to their own wives,
Only to put off horses, and slight jewels,
Clocks, defaced plate, and such commodities,
At birth of their first children.

Francisco. Are there such ?

Monticelso. These are for impudent bawds
That go in men's apparel; for usurers
That share with scriveners for their good reportage;

For lawyers that will antedate their writs :
And some divines you might find folded there,
But that I slip them o'er for conscience' sake.
Here is a general catalogue of knaves :
A man might study all the prisons o'er,
Yet never attain this knowledge.

Francisco. Murderers !

Fold down the leaf, I pray.
Good my lord, let me borrow this strange doctrine.

Monticelso. Pray, use 't, my lord.

Francisco. I do assure your lordship,
You are a worthy member of the state,
And have done infinite good in your discovery
Of these offenders.

Monticelso. Somewhat, sir.

Francisco. O God !
Better than tribute of wolves paid in England :
'Twill hang their skins o' the hedge.

Monticelso. I must make bold
To leave your lordship.

Francisco. Dearly, sir, I thank you :
If any ask for me at court, report
You have left me in the company of knaves.

[Exit MONTICELSO.]

I gather now by this, some cunning fellow
That 's my lord's officer, one that lately skipped
From a clerk's desk up to a justice' chair,
Hath made this knavish summons, and intends,
As the Irish rebels wont were to sell heads,
So to make prize of these. And thus it happens,
Your poor rogues pay for 't which have not the means
To present bribe in fist : the rest o' the band
Are razed out of the knaves' record : or else
My lord he winks at them with easy will ;
His man grows rich, the knaves are the knaves still.



HENRY REYN

THE GHOST OF ISABELLA

But to the use I'll make of it; it shall serve
To point me out a list of murderers,
Agents for any villainy. Did I want
Ten leash of courtezans, it would furnish me;
Nay, laundress three armies. That in so little paper
Should lie the undoing of so many men!
'Tis not so big as twenty declarations.
See the corrupted use some make of books:
Divinity, wrested by some factious blood,
Draws swords, swells battles, and o'erthrows all good.
To fashion my revenge more seriously,
Let me remember my dead sister's face:
Call for her picture? no, I'll close mine eyes,
And in a melancholic thought I'll frame

Enter ISABELLA's ghost

Her figure 'fore me. Now I ha't:—how strong
Imagination works! how she can frame
Things which are not! Methinks she stands afore me,
And by the quick idea of my mind,
Were my skill pregnant, I could draw her picture.
Thought, as a subtle juggler, makes us deem
Things supernatural, which yet have cause
Common as sickness. 'Tis my melancholy.—
How cam'st thou by thy death?—How idle am I
To question mine own idleness!—Did ever
Man dream awake till now?—Remove this object;
Out of my brain with 't! What have I to do
With tombs, or death-beds, funerals, or tears,
That have to meditate upon revenge? [*Exit Ghost.*
So, now 'tis ended, like an old wives' story:
Statesmen think often they see stranger sights
Than madmen. Come, to this weighty business:
My tragedy must have some idle mirth in 't,
Else it will never pass. I am in love,
In love with Corombona; and my suit
Thus halts to her in verse.— [*Writes.*

I have done it rarely : O the fate of princes !
I am so used to frequent flattery,
That, being alone, I now flatter myself :
But it will serve ; 'tis sealed.

Enter Servant

Bear this
To the house of convertites, and watch your leisure
To give it to the hands of Corombona,
Or to the matron, when some followers
Of Brachiano may be by. Away ! *[Exit Servant.*
He that deals all by strength, his wit is shallow :
When a man's head goes through, each limb will follow.
The engine for my business, bold Count Lodowick :
'Tis gold must such an instrument procure ;
With empty fist no man doth falcons lure.
Brachiano, I am now fit for thy encounter :
Like the wild Irish, I'll ne'er think thee dead
Till I can play at football with thy head.
Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo. *[Exit.*





ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I—*A Room in the House of Convertites*

Enter the Matron and FLAMINEO

MATRON. Should it be known the
 duke hath such recourse
 To your imprisoned sister, I were
 like
 To incur much damage by it.
Flamineo. Not a scruple!
 The Pope lies on his death-bed, and
 their heads
 Are troubled now with other business
 Than guarding of a lady.

Enter Servant

Servant. Yonder's Flamineo in conference
 With the matrona.—Let me speak with you;
 I would entreat you to deliver for me
 This letter to the fair Vittoria——
Matron. I shall, sir.

Servant. With all care and secrecy.
Hereafter you shall know me, and receive
Thanks for this courtesy. [Exit.]

Flaminese. How now? what 's that?

Matron. A letter.

Flaminese. To my sister? I'll see 't delivered.

[Exit *Matron*.]

Enter BRACHIANO

Brachiano. What 's that you read, Flaminese?

Flaminese. Look.

Brachiano. Ha!

[Reads.] 'To the most unfortunate, his best respected
Vittoria.'—

Who was the messenger?

Flaminese. I know not.

Brachiano. No?

Who sent it?

Flaminese. Ud's foot, you speak as if a man
Should know what fowl is coffined in a baked meat
Afore you cut it up.

Brachiano. I'll open 't, were 't her heart. What 's here
subscribed?

'Florence!' this juggling is gross and palpable:
I have found out the conveyance.—Read it, read it!

Flaminese. [Reads.] 'Your tears I'll turn to triumphs,
be but mine:

Your prop is fall'n: I pity, that a vine,
Which princes heretofore have longed to gather,
Wanting supporters, now should fade and wither.'
Wine, i' faith, my lord, with lees would serve his turn.—
'Your sad imprisonment I'll soon uncharm,
And with a princely uncontrollèd arm
Lead you to Florence, where my love and care
Shall hang your wishes in my silver hair.'—
A halter on his strange equivocation!—

'Nor for my years return me the sad willow :
Who prefer blossoms before fruit that 's mellow ? '—
Rotten, on my knowledge, with lying too long i' the
bed-straw.—

'And all the lines of age this line convinces,
The gods never wax old, no more do princes.'—
A pox on 't, tear it ; let 's have no more atheists, for
God's sake.

Brachiano. Ud's death, I'll cut her into atomies,
And let th' irregular north wind sweep her up,
And blow her into his nostrils ! Where's this whore ?

Flamineo. That—what do you call her ?

Brachiano. Oh, I could be mad,
Prevent the cursed disease she'll bring me to,
And tear my hair off ! Where's this changeable stuff ?

Flamineo. O'er head and ears in water, I assure you :
She is not for your wearing.

Brachiano. In, you pander !

Flamineo. What, me, my lord ? am I your dog ?

Brachiano. A blood-hound !
Do you brave, do you stand me ?

Flamineo. Stand you ! let those that have diseases run ;
I need no plasters.

Brachiano. Would you be kicked ?

Flamineo. Would you have your neck broke ?

I tell you, duke, I am not in Russia ;

My shins must be kept whole.

Brachiano. Do you know me ?

Flamineo. O, my lord, methodically :

As in this world there are degrees of evils,

So in this world there are degrees of devils.

You're a great duke, I your poor secretary.

I do look now for a Spanish fig, or an Italian salad,
daily.

Brachiano. Pander, ply your convoy, and leave your prating.

Flamineo. All your kindness to me is like that miserable courtesy of Polyphemus to Ulysses; you reserve me to be devoured last: you would dig turfs out of my grave to feed your larks; that would be music to you. Come, I'll lead you to her.

Brachiano. Do you face me?

Flamineo. Oh, sir, I would not go before a politic enemy with my back towards him, though there were behind me a whirlpool.

SCENE II—VITTORIA'S Room in the House of Convertites

Enter VITTORIA, BRACHIANO, and FLAMINEO

Brachiano. Can you read, mistress? look upon that letter:

There are no characters nor hieroglyphics;
You need no comment: I am grown your receiver.
God's precious! you shall be a brave great lady,
A stately and advanced whore.

Vittoria. Say, sir?

Brachiano. Come, come, let's see your cabinet, discover
Your treasury of love-letters. Death and Furies!
I'll see them all.

Vittoria. Sir, upon my soul,
I have not any. Whence was this directed?

Brachiano. Confusion on your politic ignorance!
You are reclaimed, are you? I'll give you the bells,
And let you fly to the devil.

Flamineo. Ware hawk, my lord!

Vittoria. 'Florence'! this is some treacherous plot, my lord:

To me he ne'er was lovely, I protest,
So much as in my sleep.

Brachiano. Right! they are plots.
Your beauty! Oh, ten thousand curses on 't!
How long have I beheld the devil in crystal?
Thou hast led me, like an heathen sacrifice,
With music and with fatal yokes of flowers,
To my eternal ruin. Woman to man
Is either a god or a wolf.

Vittoria. My lord,—

Brachiano. Away!
We'll be as differing as two adamants;
The one shall shun the other. What, dost weep?
Procure but ten of thy dissembling trade,
Ye'd furnish all the Irish funerals
With howling past wild Irish.

Flamineo. Fie, my lord!

Brachiano. That hand, that cursèd hand, which I have
wearied
With doting kisses!—O my sweetest duchess,
How lovely art thou now!—My loose thoughts
Scatter like quicksilver: I was bewitched;
For all the world speaks ill of thee.

Vittoria. No matter:
I'll live so now, I'll make that world recant,
And change her speeches. You did name your duchess.

Brachiano. Whose death God pardon!

Vittoria. Whose death God revenge
On thee, most godless duke!

Flamineo. [*Aside.*] Now for two whirlwinds!

Vittoria. What have I gained by thee but infamy?
Thou hast stained the spotless honour of my house,
And frightened thence noble society:
Like those, which, sick o' the palsy and retain[ing]
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shunned
By those of choicer nostrils. What do you call this
house?

Is this your palace? did not the judge style it
A house of penitent whores? who sent me to it?
Who hath the honour to advance Vittoria
To this incontinent college? is 't not you?
Is 't not your high preferment? Go, go, brag
How many ladies you have undone like me.
Fare you well, sir; let me hear no more of you:
I had a limb corrupted to an ulcer,
But I have cut it off; and now I'll go
Weeping to Heaven on crutches. For your gifts,
I will return them all; and I do wish
That I could make you full executor
To all my sins. Oh, that I could toss myself
Into a grave as quickly! for all thou art worth
I'll not shed one tear more,—I'll burst first.

[She throws herself upon a bed.]

Brachiano. I have drunk Lethe.—Vittoria!

My dearest happiness! Vittoria!

What do you ail, my love? why do you weep?

Vittoria. Yes, I now weep poniards, do you see?

Brachiano. Are not those matchless eyes mine?

Vittoria. I had rather
They were not matches!

Brachiano. Is not this lip mine?

Vittoria. Yes; thus to bite it off, rather than give
it thee.

Flammineo. Turn to my lord, good sister.

Vittoria. Hence, you pander!

Flammineo. Pander! am I the author of your sin?

Vittoria. Yes; he 's a base thief that a thief lets in.

Flammineo. We're blown up, my lord.

Brachiano. Wilt thou hear me?

Once to be jealous of thee, is to express

That I will love thee everlastingly,

And never more be jealous.

Vittoria. O thou fool,
Whose greatness hath by much o'ergrown thy wit!
What dar'st thou do that I not dare to suffer,
Excepting to be still thy whore? for that,
In the sea's bottom sooner thou shalt make
A bonfire.

Flamineo. O, no oaths, for God's sake!

Brachiano. Will you hear me !

Vittoria. Never.

Flamineo. What a damned imposthume is a woman's will!

Can nothing break it?—Fie, fie, my lord!
Women are caught as you take tortoises;
She must be turned on her back.—Sister, by this hand,
I am on your side.—Come, come, you have wronged
her;

What a strange credulous man were you, my lord,
To think the Duke of Florence would love her!
Will any mercer take another's ware
When once 'tis toused and sullied?—And yet, sister,
How scurvily this frowardness becomes you!
Young leverets stand not long; and women's anger
Should, like their flight, procure a little sport;
A full cry for a quarter of an hour,
And then be put to the dead quat.

Brachiano. Shall these eyes,
Which have so long time dwelt upon your face,
Be now put out?

Flamineo. No cruel landlady i' th' world which lends
forth groats

To broom-men, and takes use for them, would do 't.—
Hand her, my lord, and kiss her : be not like
A ferret, to let go your hold with blowing.

Brachiano. Let us renew right hands.

Vittoria. Hence !

Brachiano. Never shall rage
Or the forgetful wine make me commit
Like fault.

Flamineo. Now you are i' the way on 't, follow 't hard.

Brachiano. Be thou at peace with me, let all the world
Threaten the cannon.

Flamineo. Mark his penitence :
Best natures do commit the grossest faults,
When they're given o'er to jealousy, as best wine,
Dying, makes strongest vinegar. I'll tell you,—
The sea 's more rough and raging than calm rivers,
But not so sweet nor wholesome. A quiet woman
Is a still water under a great bridge ;
A man may shoot her safely.

Vittoria. Oh, ye dissembling men !—

Flamineo. We sucked that, sister,
From women's breasts, in our first infancy.

Vittoria. To add misery to misery !

Brachiano. Sweetest,—

Vittoria. Am I not low enough ?
Aye, aye, your good heart gathers like a snowball,
Now your affection 's cold.

Flamineo. Ud's foot, it shall melt
To a heart again, or all the wine in Rome
Shall run o' the lees for 't.

Vittoria. Your dog or hawk should be rewarded better
Than I have been. I'll speak not one word more.

Flamineo. Stop her mouth with a sweet kiss, my lord.
So,
Now the tide 's turned, the vessel 's come about.
He 's a sweet armful. Oh, we curled-haired men
Are still most kind to women ! This is well.

Brachiano. That you should chide thus !

Flamineo. O, sir, your little chimneys
Do ever cast most smoke! I sweat for you.
Couple together with as deep a silence
As did the Grecians in their wooden horse.
My lord, supply your promises with deeds;
You know that painted meat no hunger feeds.

Brachiano. Stay! ingrateful Rome—

Flamineo. Rome! it deserves
To be called Barbary for our villainous usage.

Brachiano. Soft! the same project which the Duke of
Florence
(Whether in love or gullery I know not)
Laid down for her escape, will I pursue.

Flamineo. And no time fitter than this night, my lord:
The Pope being dead, and all the cardinals entered
The conclave for the electing a new Pope;
The city in a great confusion;
We may attire her in a page's suit,
Lay her post horse[s], take shipping, and amain
For Padua.

Brachiano. I'll instantly steal forth the Prince
Giovanni,
And make for Padua. You two with your old mother,
And young Marcello that attends on Florence,
If you can work him to it, follow me:
I will advance you all:—for you, Vittoria,
Think of a duchess' title.

Flamineo. Lo you, sister!—
Stay, my lord; I'll tell you a tale. The crocodile,
which lives in the river Nilus, hath a worm breeds i'
the teeth of 't, which puts it to extreme anguish: a
little bird, no bigger than a wren, is barber-surgeon to
this crocodile; flies into the jaws of 't, picks out the
worm, and brings present remedy. The fish, glad of
ease, but ingrateful to her that did it, that the bird may

not talk largely of her abroad for non-payment, closeth her chaps, intending to swallow her, and so put her to perpetual silence. But nature, loathing such ingratitude, hath armed this bird with a quill or prick on the top o' th' head, which wounds the crocodile i' the mouth, forceth her open her bloody prison, and away flies the pretty tooth-picker from her cruel patient.

Brachiano. Your application is, I have not rewarded The service you have done me.

Flammineo.

No, my lord.—

You, sister, are the crocodile : you are blemished in your fame, my lord cures it ; and though the comparison hold not in every particle, yet observe, remember what good the bird with the prick i' the head hath done you, and scorn ingratitude.—

[*Aside.*] It may appear to some ridiculous
Thus to talk knave and madman, and sometimes
Come in with a dried sentence, stuff with sage :
But this allows my varying of shapes ;
Knaves do grow great by being great men's apes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III—*Before the Vatican*

*Enter FRANCISCO, LODOVICO, GASPARO, and six
Ambassadors*

Francisco. So, my lord, I commend your diligence.
Guard well the conclave ; and, as the order is,
Let none have conference with the cardinals.

Lodovico. I shall, my lord.—Room for the ambassadors !

Gasparo. They're wondrous brave to-day : why do they wear
These several habits ?

Lodovico. Oh, sir, they 're knights
Of several orders : that lord i' the black cloak,
With the silver cross, is Knight of Rhodes ; the next,
Knight of St. Michael ; that, of the Golden Fleece ;
The Frenchman, there, Knight of the Holy Ghost ;
My lord of Savoy, Knight of the Annunciation ;
The Englishman is Knight of the honoured Garter,
Dedicated unto their saint, St. George. I could
Describe to you their several institutions,
With the laws annexed to their orders ; but that time
Permits not such discovery.

Francisco. Where 's Count Lodowick ?

Lodovico. Here, my lord.

Francisco. 'Tis o' the point of dinner time :
Marshal the cardinals' service.

Lodovico. Sir, I shall.

Enter Servants, with several dishes covered

Stand, let me search your dish : who 's this for ?

Servant. For my Lord Cardinal Monticelso.

Lodovico. Whose this ?

Servant. For my Lord Cardinal of Bourbon.

French Ambassador. Why doth he search the dishes ?
to observe
What meat is drest ?

English Ambassador. No, sir, but to prevent
Lest any letters should be conveyed in,
To bribe or to solicit the advancement
Of any cardinal. When first they enter,
'Tis lawful for the ambassadors of princes
To enter with them, and to make their suit
For any man their prince affecteth best ;
But after, till a general election,
No man may speak with them.

Lodovico. You that attend on the lord cardinals,
Open the window, and receive their viands!

An Officer. [At the window.] You must return the
service: the lord cardinals
Are busied 'bout electing of the Pope;
They have given o'er scrutiny, and are fall'n
To admiration.

Lodovico. Away, away! [Exeunt Servants.]

Francisco. I'll lay a thousand ducats you hear news
Of a Pope presently. Hark! sure, he's elected:
Behold, my Lord of Arragon appears
On the church battlements.

Arragon. [On the church battlements.] Denuntio
vobis gaudium magnum. Reverendissimus cardinalis
Lorenzo de Monticelso electus est in sedem apostolicam,
et elegit sibi nomen Paulum Quartum.

Omnes. Vivat sanctus pater Paulus Quartus!

Enter Servant

Servant. Vittoria, my lord,—

Francisco. Well, what of her?

Servant. Is fled the city,—

Francisco. Ha?

Servant. With Duke Brachiano.

Francisco. Fled? Where 's the Prince Giovanni?

Servant. Gone with his father.

Francisco. Let the matrona of the convertites
Be apprehended.—Fled! Oh, damnable!

[Exit Servant.]

[Aside.] How fortunate are my wishes! why, 'twas
this

I only laboured: I did send the letter
To instruct him what to do. Thy fame, fond duke,
I first have poisoned; directed thee the way

To marry a whore: what can be worse? This follows,—

The hand must act to drown the passionate tongue:
I scorn to wear a sword and prate of wrong.

Enter MONTICELSO in state

Monticelso. Concedimus vobis apostolicam benedictionem et remissionem peccatorum.

My lord reports Vittoria Corombona
Is stol'n from forth the house of convertites
By Brachiano, and they 're fled the city.
Now, though this be the first day of our state,
We cannot better please the divine power
Than to sequester from the holy Church
These cursed persons. Make it therefore known,
We do denounce excommunication
Against them both: all that are theirs in Rome
We likewise banish. Set on.

[Exeunt MONTICELSO, his train, Ambassadors, &c.]

Francisco. Come, dear Lodovico;
You have ta'en the sacrament to prosecute
The intended murder.

Lodovico. With all constancy.
But, sir, I wonder you'll engage yourself
In person, being a great prince.

Francisco. Divert me not.
Most of his court are of my faction,
And some are of my council. Noble friend,
Our danger shall be 'like in this design:
Give leave, part of the glory may be mine.

[Exeunt FRANCISCO and GASPARO.]

Re-enter MONTICELSO

Monticelso. Why did the Duke of Florence with such care
Labour your pardon? say.

Lodovico. Italian beggars will resolve you that,
Who, begging of an alms, bid those they beg of,
Do good for their own sakes ; or 't may be,
He spreads his bounty with a sowing hand,
Like kings, who many times give out of measure,
Not for desert so much, as for their pleasure.

Monticelso. I know you're cunning. Come, what
devil was that
That you were raising ?

Lodovico. Devil, my lord ?

Monticelso. I ask you
How doth the duke employ you, that his bonnet
Fell with such compliment unto his knee,
When he departed from you ?

Lodovico. Why, my lord,
He told me of a resty Barbary horse
Which he would fain have brought to the career,
The sault, and the ring-galliard ; now, my lord,
I have a rare French rider.

Monticelso. Take you heed
Lest the jade break your neck. Do you put me off
With your wild horse-tricks ? Sirrah, you do lie.
Oh, thou 'rt a foul black cloud, and thou dost threat
A violent storm !

Lodovico. Storms are i' the air, my lord :
I am too low to storm.

Monticelso. Wretched creature !
I know that thou art fashioned for all ill,
Like dogs that once get blood, they'll ever kill.
About some murder ? was 't not ?

Lodovico. I'll not tell you :
And yet I care not greatly if I do ;
Marry, with this preparation. Holy father,
I come not to you as an intelligencer,

But as a penitent sinner : what I utter
Is in confession merely ; which you know
Must never be revealed.

Monticelso. You have o'erta'en me.

Lodovico. Sir, I did love Brachiano's duchess dearly,
Or rather I pursued her with hot lust,
Though she ne'er knew on 't. She was poisoned ;
Upon my soul, she was ; for which I have sworn
To avenge her murder.

Monticelso. To the Duke of Florence ?

Lodovico. To him I have.

Monticelso. Miserable creature !
If thou persist in this, 'tis damnable.
Dost thou imagine thou canst slide on blood,
And not be tainted with a shameful fall ?
Or, like the black and melancholic yew-tree,
Dost think to root thyself in dead men's graves,
And yet to prosper ? Instruction to thee
Comes like sweet showers to over-hardened ground ;
They wet, but pierce not deep. And so I leave thee,
With all the Furies hanging 'bout thy neck,
Till by thy penitence thou remove this evil,
In conjuring from thy breast that cruel devil. [*Exit.*

Lodovico. I'll give it o'er ; he says 'tis damnable,
Besides I did expect his suffrage,
By reason of Camillo's death.

Re-enter FRANCISCO with a Servant

Francisco. Do you know that count ?

Servant. Yes, my lord.

Francisco. Bear him these thousand ducats to his
lodging ;
Tell him the Pope hath sent them.—[*Aside.*] Happily
That will confirm [him] more than all the rest. [*Exit.*

Servant. Sir,—

Lodovico. To me, sir?

Servant. His Holiness hath sent you
A thousand crowns, and wills you, if you travel,
To make him your patron for intelligence.

Lodovico. His creature ever to be commanded.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Why, now 'tis come about. He railed upon me;
And yet these crowns were told out and laid ready
Before he knew my voyage. O the art,
The modest form of greatness! that do sit,
Like brides at wedding-dinners, with their looks turned
From the least wanton jest, their puling stomach
Sick of the modesty, when their thoughts are loose,
Even acting of those hot and lustful sports
Are to ensue about midnight: such his cunning:
He sounds my depth thus with a golden plummet.
I am doubly armed now. Now to the act of blood.
There 's but three Furies found in spacious hell,
But in a great man's breast three thousand dwell. [*Exit.*]





ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE I—*A Room in BRACHIANO's Palace at Padua*

A passage over the stage of BRACHIANO, FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, HORTENSIO, VITTORIA, CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and others

Then re-enter FLAMINEO and HORTENSIO

FLAMINEO. In all the weary minutes of my life,
Day ne'er broke up till now. This marriage
Confirms me happy.

Hortensio. 'Tis a good assurance
Saw you not yet the Moor that 's come to court?

Flamimeo. Yes, and conferred with him i' the duke's closet:

I have not seen a goodlier personage,
Nor ever talked with man better experienced
In state affairs or rudiments of war:
He hath, by report, served the Venetian

In Candy these twice seven years, and been chief
In many a bold design.

Hortensio. What are those two
That bear him company?

Flammineo. Two noblemen of Hungary, that, living in the emperor's service as commanders, eight years since, contrary to the expectation of all the court, entered into religion, into the strict order of Capuchins: but, being not well settled in their undertaking, they left their order, and returned to court; for which, being after troubled in conscience, they vowed their service against the enemies of Christ, went to Malta, were there knighted, and in their return back, at this great solemnity, they are resolved for ever to forsake the world, and settle themselves here in a house of Capuchins in Padua.

Hortensio. 'Tis strange.

Flammineo. One thing makes it so: they have vowed for ever to wear, next their bare bodies, those coats of mail they served in.

Hortensio. Hard penance! Is the Moor a Christian?

Flammineo. He is.

Hortensio. Why proffers he his service to our duke?

Flammineo. Because he understands there 's like to grow Some wars between us and the Duke of Florence, In which he hopes employment.

I never saw one in a stern bold look
Wear more command, nor in a lofty phrase
Express more knowing or more deep contempt
Of our slight airy courtiers. He talks
As if he had travelled all the princes' courts
Of Christendom: in all things strives to express,
That all that should dispute with him may know

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright,
But looked to near, have neither heat nor light.—
The duke!

Re-enter BRACHIANO; with FRANCISCO disguised like MULINASSAR, LODOVICO disguised as CARLO, GASPARO disguised as PEDRO, bearing their swords and helmets; and MARCELLO

Brachiano. You are nobly welcome. We have heard
at full

Your honourable service 'gainst the Turk.
To you, brave Mulinassar, we assign
A competent pension : and are inly sorry,
The vows of those two worthy gentlemen
Make them incapable of our proffered bounty.
Your wish is, you may leave your warlike swords
For monuments in our chapel : I accept it
As a great honour done me, and must crave
Your leave to furnish out our duchess' revels.
Only one thing, as the last vanity
You e'er shall view, deny me not to stay
To see a barriers prepared to-night :
You shall have private standings. It hath pleased
The great ambassadors of several princes,
In their return from Rome to their own countries,
To grace our marriage, and to honour me
With such a kind of sport.

Francisco. I shall persuade them
To stay, my lord.

[*Brachiano.*] Set on there to the presence!

[*Exeunt* BRACHIANO, FLAMINEO, MARCELLO, and
HORTENSIO.]

Lodovico. Noble my lord, most fortunately welcome!

[The Conspirators here embrace.

You have our vows, sealed with the sacrament,
To second your attempts.

Gasparo. And all things ready:
He could not have invented his own ruin
(Had he despaired) with more propriety.

Lodovico. You would not take my way.

Francisco. 'Tis better ordered.

Lodovico. T' have poisoned his prayer-book, or a pair
of beads,

The pummel of his saddle, his looking-glass,
Or th' handle of his racket,—Oh, that, that!
That while he had been bandying at tennis,
He might have sworn himself to hell, and strook
His soul into the hazard! Oh, my lord,
I would have our plot be ingenious,
And have it hereafter recorded for example,
Rather than borrow example.

Francisco. There 's no way
More speeding than this thought on.

Lodovico. On, then.

Francisco. And yet methinks that this revenge is poor,
Because it steals upon him like a thief.
To have ta'en him by the casque in a pitched field,
Led him to Florence!—

Lodovico. It had been rare: and there
Have crowned him with a wreath of stinking garlic,
T' have shown the sharpness of his government
And rankness of his lust.—*Flamineo comes.*

[*Exeunt LODOVICO and GASPARO.*

Re-enter FLAMINEO, with MARCELLO and ZANCHE

Marcello. Why doth this devil haunt you, say?

Flamineo. I know not;
For, by this light, I do not conjure for her.
'Tis not so great a cunning as men think,
To raise the devil; for here 's one up already:
The greatest cunning were to lay him down.

Marcello. She is your shame.

Flaminese. I prithee, pardon her.
In faith, you see, women are like to burs,
Where their affection throws them, there they'll stick.

Zanche. That is my countryman, a goodly person:
When he 's at leisure, I'll discourse with him
In our own language.

Flaminese. I beseech you do. [*Exit ZANCHE.*]
How is 't, brave soldier? Oh, that I had seen
Some of your iron days! I pray, relate
Some of your service to us.

Francisco. 'Tis a ridiculous thing for a man to be his
own chronicle: I did never wash my mouth with mine
own praise for fear of getting a stinking breath.

Marcello. You're too stoical. The duke will expect
other discourse from you.

Francisco. I shall never flatter him: I have studied
man too much to do that. What difference is between
the duke and I? no more than between two bricks, all
made of one clay; only 't may be one is placed on the
top of a turret, the other in the bottom of a well, by
mere chance. If I were placed as high as the duke, I
should stick as fast, make as fair a show, and bear out
weather equally.

Flaminese. [*Aside.*] If this soldier had a patent to
beg in churches, then he would tell them stories.

Marcello. I have been a soldier too.

Francisco. How have you thrived?

Marcello. Faith, poorly.

Francisco. That 's the misery of peace: only outsides
are then respected. As ships seem very great upon the
river, which show very little upon the seas, so some men
i' the court seem colossuses in a chamber, who, if they
came into the field, would appear pitiful pigmies.

Flamineo. Give me a fair room yet hung with arras, and some great cardinal to lug me by the ears as his endeared minion.

Francisco. And thou mayst do the devil knows what villainy.

Flamineo. And safely.

Francisco. Right: you shall see in the country, in harvest-time, pigeons, though they destroy never so much corn, the farmer dare not present the fowling-piece to them: why? because they belong to the lord of the manor; whilst your poor sparrows, that belong to the Lord of Heaven, they go to the pot for 't.

Flamineo. I will now give you some politic instructions. The duke says he will give you a pension: that 's but bare promise; get it under his hand. For I have known men that have come from serving against the Turk, for three or four months they have had pension to buy them new wooden legs and fresh plasters; but, after, 'twas not to be had. And this miserable courtesy shows as if a tormentor should give hot cordial drinks to one three-quarters dead o' the rack, only to fetch the miserable soul again to endure more dog-days.

[Exit FRANCISCO.]

Re-enter HORTENSIO and ZANCHE, with a Young Lord and two more

How now, gallants! what, are they ready for the barriers?

Young Lord. Yes; the lords are putting on their armour.

Hortensio. What 's he?

Flamineo. A new upstart; one that swears like a falconer, and will lie in the duke's ear day by day, like a maker of almanacs: and yet I knew him, since he came to the court, smell worse of sweat than an under tennis-court-keeper.

Hortensio. Look you, yonder's your sweet mistress.

Flamineo. Thou art my sworn brother: I'll tell thee, I do love that Moor, that witch, very constrainedly. She knows some of my villainy. I do love her just as a man holds a wolf by the ears: but for fear of turning upon me and pulling out my throat, I would let her go to the devil.

Hortensio. I hear she claims marriage of thee.

Flamineo. Faith, I made to her some such dark promise; and, in seeking to fly from 't, I run on, like a frightened dog with a bottle at 's tail, that fain would bite it off, and yet dares not look behind him.—Now, my precious gipsy.

Zanche. Aye, your love to me rather cools than heats.

Flamineo. Marry, I am the sounder lover: we have many wenches about the town heat too fast.

Hortensio. What do you think of these perfumed gallants, then?

Flamineo. Their satin cannot save them: I am confident

They have a certain spice of the disease;
For they that sleep with dogs shall rise with fleas.

Zanche. Believe it! A little painting and gay clothes
Make you loathe me.

Flamineo. How? love a lady for painting or gay apparel? I'll unkennel one example more for thee. Aesop had a foolish dog that let go the flesh to catch the shadow: I would have courtiers be better divers.

Zanche. You remember your oaths?

Flamineo. Lovers' oaths are like mariners' prayers, uttered in extremity; but when the tempest is o'er, and that the vessel leaves tumbling, they fall from protesting to drinking. And yet, amongst gentlemen, protesting and drinking go together, and agree as well as shoe-

makers and Westphalia bacon. They are both drawers on; for drink draws on protestation and protestation draws on more drink. Is not this discourse better now than the morality of your sunburnt gentleman?

Re-enter CORNELIA

Cornelia. Is this your perch, you haggard? fly to the stews.
[*Striking ZANCHE.*

Flamineo. You should be clapt by the heels now: Strike i' the court!
[*Exit CORNELIA.*

Zanche. She 's good for nothing, but to make her maids Catch cold a-nights: they dare not use a bed-staff For fear of her light fingers.

Marcello. You're a strumpet,
An impudent one.
[*Kicking ZANCHE.*

Flamineo. Why do you kick her? say;
Do you think that she 's like a walnut-tree?
Must she be cudgelled ere she bear good fruit?

Marcello. She brags that you shall marry her.

Flamineo. What then?

Marcello. I had rather she were pitched upon a stake
In some new-seeded garden, to affright
Her fellow crows thence.

Flamineo. You're a boy, a fool:
Be guardian to your hound; I am of age.

Marcello. If I take her near you, I'll cut her throat.

Flamineo. With a fan of feathers?

Marcello. And, for you, I'll whip
This folly from you.

Flamineo. Are you choleric?
I'll purge 't with rhubarb.
[*Threatens to strike him.*

Hortensio. Oh! your brother?

Flamineo. Hang him!

He wrongs me most that ought to offend me least.—
I do suspect my mother played foul play
When she conceived thee.

Marcello. Now, by all my hopes,
Like the two slaughtered sons of Oedipus,
The very flames of our affection
Shall turn two ways. Those words I'll make thee answer
With thy heart-blood.

Flamineo. Do, like the geese in the progress :
You know where you shall find me.

Marcello. Very good. [*Exit FLAMINEO.*]
An thou be'st a noble, friend, bear him my sword,
And bid him fit the length on 't.

Young Lord. Sir, I shall.

[*Exeunt all but ZANCHE.*

Zanche. He comes. Hence petty thought of my disgrace !

Re-enter FRANCISCO

I ne'er loved my complexion till now,
'Cause I may boldly say, without a blush,
I love you.

Francisco. Your love is untimely sown; there's a spring at Michaelmas, but 'tis but a faint one: I am sunk in years, and I have vowed never to marry.

Zanche. Alas! poor maids get more lovers than husbands. Yet you may mistake my wealth. For, as when ambassadors are sent to congratulate princes, there's commonly sent along with them a rich present, so that, though the prince like not the ambassador's person nor words, yet he likes well of the presentment; so I may come to you in the same manner, and be better loved for my dowry than my virtue.

Francisco. I'll think on the motion.

Zanche.

Do : I'll now

Detain you no longer. At your better leisure
I'll tell you things shall startle your blood :
Nor blame me that this passion I reveal ;
Lovers die inward that their flames conceal. [Exit.
Francisco. Of all intelligence this may prove the best :
Sure, I shall draw strange fowl from this foul nest.
[Exit.

SCENE II—*Another Room in the same**Enter MARCELLO and CORNELIA*

Cornelia. I hear a whispering all about the court
You are to fight : who is your opposite ?
What is the quarrel ?

Marcello. 'Tis an idle rumour.

Cornelia. Will you dissemble ? sure, you do not well
To fright me thus : you never look thus pale,
But when you are most angry. I do charge you
Upon my blessing,—nay, I'll call the duke,
And he shall school you.

Marcello. Publish not a fear
Which would convert to laughter : 'tis not so.
Was not this crucifix my father's ?

Cornelia. Yes.

Marcello. I have heard you say, giving my brother
suck,
He took the crucifix between his hands,
And broke a limb off.

Cornelia. Yes ; but 'tis mended.

Enter FLAMINEO

Flamineseo. I have brought your weapon back.
[Runs MARCELLO through.

Cornelia. Ha ! Oh, my horror !

Marcello. You have brought it home, indeed.

Cornelia. Help! Oh, he's murdered!

Flamineo. Do you turn your gall up? I'll to sanctuary,

And send a surgeon to you. [Exit.

Enter HORTENSIO

Hortensio. How? o' th' ground?

Marcello. O mother, now remember what I told
Of breaking of the crucifix! Farewell.

There are some sins which Heaven doth duly punish
In a whole family. This it is to rise
By all dishonest means! Let all men know,
That tree shall long time keep a steady foot
Whose branches spread no wider than the root. [*Dies.*]

Cornelia. Oh!
My perpetual sorrow!

Hortensio. Virtuous Marcello!
He's dead.—Pray, leave him, lady: come, you shall.

Cornelia. Alas! he is not dead; he's in a trance. Why, here 's nobody shall get anything by his death. Let me call him again, for God's sake!

Hortensio. I would you were deceived.

Cornelia. Oh, you abuse me, you abuse me, you abuse me! How many have gone away thus, for lack of tendance! Rear up 's head, rear up 's head: his bleeding inward will kill him.

Hortensio. You see he is departed.

Cornelia. Let me come to him; give me him as he is: if he be turned to earth, let me but give him one hearty kiss, and you shall put us both into one coffin. Fetch a looking-glass: see if his breath will not stain it: or pull out some feathers from my pillow, and lay them to his lips. Will you lose him for a little painstaking?

Hortensio. Your kindest office is to pray for him.

Cornelia. Alas! I would not pray for him yet. He may live to lay me i' the ground, and pray for me, if you'll let me come to him.

Enter BRACHIANO all armed save the beaver, with FLAMINEO, FRANCISCO, LODOVICO, and Page carrying the beaver

Brachiano. Was this your handiwork?

Flamimeo. It was my misfortune.

Cornelia. He lies, he lies; he did not kill him: these have killed him that would not let him be better looked to.

Brachiano. Have comfort, my grieved mother.

Cornelia. Oh, you screech-owl!

Hortensio. Forbear, good madam.

Cornelia. Let me go, let me go.

[*She runs to FLAMINEO with her knife drawn, and, coming to him, lets it fall.*]

The God of Heaven forgive thee! Dost not wonder I pray for thee? I'll tell thee what 's the reason: I have scarce breath to number twenty minutes; I'd not spend that in cursing. Fare thee well: Half of thyself lies there; and mayst thou live To fill an hour-glass with his mouldered ashes, To tell how thou shouldst spend the time to come In blest repentance!

Brachiano. Mother, pray tell me How came he by his death? what was the quarrel?

Cornelia. Indeed, my younger boy presumed too much Upon his manhood, gave him bitter words, Drew his sword first; and so, I know not how, For I was out of my wits, he fell with 's head Just in my bosom.

Page. This is not true, madam.



HENRY FILLIS

BRACONNO CALLS FOR HIS BEAVER

Cornelia. I pray thee, peace.

One arrow 's grassed already : it were vain
T' lose this for that will ne'er be found again.

Brachiano. Go, bear the body to *Cornelia's* lodging :
And we command that none acquaint our duchess
With this sad accident. For you, *Flaminese*,
Hark you, I will not grant your pardon.

Flaminese. No?

Brachiano. Only a lease of your life ; and that shall
last

But for one day : thou shalt be forced each evening
To renew it, or be hang'd.

Flaminese. At your pleasure.

[*LODOVICO sprinkles BRACHIANO's beaver with
a poison.*

Your will is law now, I'll not meddle with it.

Brachiano. You once did brave me in your sister's
lodging ;

I'll now keep you in awe for 't.—Where 's our beaver ?

Francisco. [*Aside.*] He calls for his destruction.—
Noble youth,

I pity thy sad fate !—Now to the barriers.

This shall his passage to the black lake further ;

The last good deed he did, he pardoned murder.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III—*The Lists at Padua*

Charges and shouts. They fight at barriers ; first single
pairs, then three to three

*Enter BRACHIANO, FRANCISCO, and FLAMINEO,
with others*

Brachiano. An armourer ! ud's death, an armourer !

Flaminese. Armourer ! where 's the armourer ?

Brachiano. Tear off my beaver.

Flaminese. Are you hurt, my lord?

Enter ARMOURER

Brachiano. Oh, my brain's on fire! the helmet is poison'd.

Armourer. My lord,
Upon my soul,—

Brachiano. Away with him to torture!
There are some great ones that have hand in this,
And near about me.

Enter VITTORIA

Vittoria. Oh, my loved lord! poisoned?

Flaminese. Remove the bar. Here's unfortunate
revels!

Call the physicians.

Enter two Physicians

A plague upon you!

We have too much of your cunning here already:
I fear the ambassadors are likewise poisoned.

Brachiano. Oh, I am gone already! the infection
Flies to the brain and heart. O thou strong heart!
There's such a covenant 'tween the world and it,
They're loth to break.

Enter GIOVANNI

Giovanni. O my most loved father!

Brachiano. Remove the boy away.—
Where's this good woman?—Had I infinite worlds,
They were too little for thee: must I leave thee?—
What say you, screech-owls, is the venom mortal?

First Physician. Most deadly.

Brachiano. Most corrupted politic hangman,
You kill without book; but your art to save
Fails you as oft as great men's needy friends.

I that have given life to offending slaves
And wretched murderers, have I not power
To lengthen mine own a twelvemonth?—
Do not kiss me, for I shall poison thee.
This unction 's sent from the great Duke of Florence.

Francisco. Sir, be of comfort.

Brachiano. O thou soft natural death, that art joint-twin

To sweetest slumber! no rough-bearded comet
Stares on thy mild departure; the dull owl
Beats not against thy casement; the hoarse wolf
Scents not thy carrion: pity winds thy corse,
Whilst horror waits on princes.

Vittoria. I am lost for ever.

Brachiano. How miserable a thing it is to die
'Mongst women howling!

Enter LODOVICO *and* GASPARO, *in the habit of*
Capuchins

What are those?

Flamineo. Franciscans:
They have brought the extreme unction.

Brachiano. On pain of death, let no man name death
to me:

It is a word infinitely terrible.

Withdraw into our cabinet.

*[Exeunt all but FRANCISCO and FLAMINEO,
BRACHIANO being carried out.]*

Flamineo. To see what solitariness is about dying
princes! as heretofore they have unpeopled towns,
divorced friends, and made great houses unhospitable,
so now, O justice! where are their flatterers now?
Flatterers are but the shadows of princes' bodies; the
least thick cloud makes them invisible.

Francisco. There 's great moan made for him.

Flamineo. Faith, for some few hours salt water will run most plentifully in every office o' the court: but, believe it, most of them do but weep as over their step-mothers' graves.

Francisco. How mean you?

Flamineo. Why, they dissemble; as some men do that live within compass o' the verge.

Francisco. Come, you have thrived well under him.

Flamineo. Faith, like a wolf in a woman's breast; I have been fed with poultry: but, for money, understand me, I had as good a will to cozen him as e'er an officer of them all; but I had not cunning enough to do it.

Francisco. What didst thou think of him? faith, speak freely.

Flamineo. He was a kind of statesman that would sooner have reckoned how many cannon-bullets he had discharged against a town, to count his expense that way, than how many of his valiant and deserving subjects he lost before it.

Francisco. Oh, speak well of the duke.

Flamineo. I have done. Wilt hear some of my court-wisdom? To reprehend princes is dangerous; and to over-commend some of them is palpable lying.

Re-enter LODOVICO

Francisco. How is it with the duke?

Lodovico. Most deadly ill.
He 's fall'n into a strange distraction:
He talks of battle and monopolies,
Levyng of taxes; and from that descends
To the most brain-sick language. His mind fastens
On twenty several objects, which confound
Deep sense with folly. Such a fearful end
May teach some men that bear too lofty crest,

Though they live happiest, yet they die not best.
He hath conferred the whole state of the dukedom
Upon your sister, till the prince arrive
At mature age.

Flamineo. There 's some good luck in that yet.

Francisco. See, here he comes.

*Enter BRACHIANO, presented in a bed, VITTORIA,
GASPARO, and others*

There 's death in 's face already.

Vittoria. O my good lord!

Brachiano. Away! you have abused me :
[*These speeches are several kinds of distractions,
and in the action should appear so.*

You have conveyed coin forth our territories,
Bought and sold offices, oppressed the poor,
And I ne'er dreamt on 't. Make up your accounts :
I'll now be mine own steward.

Flamineo. Sir, have patience.

Brachiano. Indeed, I am to blame :
For did you ever hear the dusky raven
Chide blackness? or was 't ever known the devil
Railed against cloven creatures?

Vittoria. O my lord!

Brachiano. Let me have some quails to supper.

Flamineo. Sir, you shall.

Brachiano. No, some fried dog-fish; your quails feed
on poison.

That old dog-fox, that politician, Florence!
I'll forswear hunting, and turn dog-killer:
Rare! I'll be friends with him; for, mark you, sir,
One dog still sets another a-barking. Peace,
Peace! yonder 's a fine slave come in now.

Flamineo. Where?

Brachiano. Why, there, in a blue bonnet, and a pair Of breeches with a great cod-piece: ha, ha, ha! Look you, his cod-piece is stuck full of pins, With pearls o' the head of them. Do not you know him?

Flaminese. No, my lord.

Brachiano. Why, 'tis the devil; I know him by a great rose he wears on 's shoe To hide his cloven foot. I'll dispute with him; He 's a rare linguist.

Vittoria. My lord, here 's nothing.

Brachiano. Nothing? rare! nothing! when I want money, Our treasury is empty, there is nothing: I'll not be used thus.

Vittoria. Oh, lie still, my lord!

Brachiano. See, see Flaminese, that killed his brother, Is dancing on the ropes there, and he carries A money-bag in each hand, to keep him even, For fear of breaking 's neck. And there 's a lawyer In a gown whipt with velvet, stares and gapes When the money will fall. How the rogue cuts capers! It should have been in a halter. 'Tis there: what 's she?

Flaminese. Vittoria, my lord.

Brachiano. Ha, ha, ha! her hair Is sprinkled with arras-powder, that makes her look As if she had sinned in the pastry.—What 's he?

Flaminese. A divine, my lord.

[BRACHIANO seems here near his end: LODOVICO and GASPARO, in the habit of Capuchins, present him in his bed with a crucifix and hallowed candle.

Brachiano. He will be drunk; avoid him: Th' argument is fearful, when churchmen stagger in 't.

Look you, six grey rats, that have lost their tails,
Crawl up the pillow : send for a rat-catcher :
I'll do a miracle, I'll free the court
From all foul vermin. Where 's Flamineo ?

Flamineo. [*Aside.*] I do not like that he names me
so often,
Especially on 's death-bed : 'tis a sign
I shall not live long.—See, he 's near his end.

Lodovico. Pray, give us leave.—Attende, domine
Brachiane.

Flamineo. See, see how firmly he doth fix his eye
Upon the crucifix.

Vittoria. Oh, hold it constant !
It settles his wild spirits ; and so his eyes
Melt into tears.

Lodovico. Domine Brachiane, solebas in bello tutus
esse tuo clypeo ; nunc hunc clypeum hosti tuo opponas
infernali. [*By the crucifix.*

Gasparo. Olim hasta valuisti in bello ; nunc hanc
sacram hastam vibrabis contra hostem animarum.

[*By the hallowed taper.*

Lodovico. Attende, domine Brachiane ; si nunc quoque
probas ea quae acta sunt inter nos, flecte caput in
dextrum.

Gasparo. Esto securus, domine Brachiane ; cogita
quantum habeas meritorum ; denique memineris meam
animam pro tua oppignoratam si quid esset periculi.

Lodovico. Si nunc quoque probas ea quae acta sunt inter
nos, flecte caput in laevum.—

He is departing : pray, stand all apart,
And let us only whisper in his ears
Some private meditations, which our order
Permits you not to hear.

[*Here, the rest being departed, LODOVICO and
GASPARO discover themselves.*

Gasparo.

Brachiano,—

Lodovico.

Devil,

Brachiano, thou art damned.

Gasparo.

Perpetually.

Lodovico. A slave condemned and given up to the gallows

Is thy great lord and master.

Gasparo.

True; for thou

Art given up to the devil.

Lodovico.

O you slave!

You that were held the famous politician,

Whose art was poison—

Gasparo.

And whose conscience, murder!

Lodovico. That would have broke your wife's neck down the stairs,

Ere she was poisoned!

Gasparo.

That had your villainous salads—

Lodovico. And fine embroidered bottles and perfumes, Equally mortal with a winter-plague!

Gasparo. Now there's mercury—

Lodovico.

And copperas—

Gasparo.

And quicksilver—

Lodovico. With other devilish pothecary stuff, A-melting in your politic brains: dost hear?

Gasparo. This is Count Lodovico.

Lodovico.

This, Gasparo:

And thou shalt die like a poor rogue.

Gasparo.

And stink

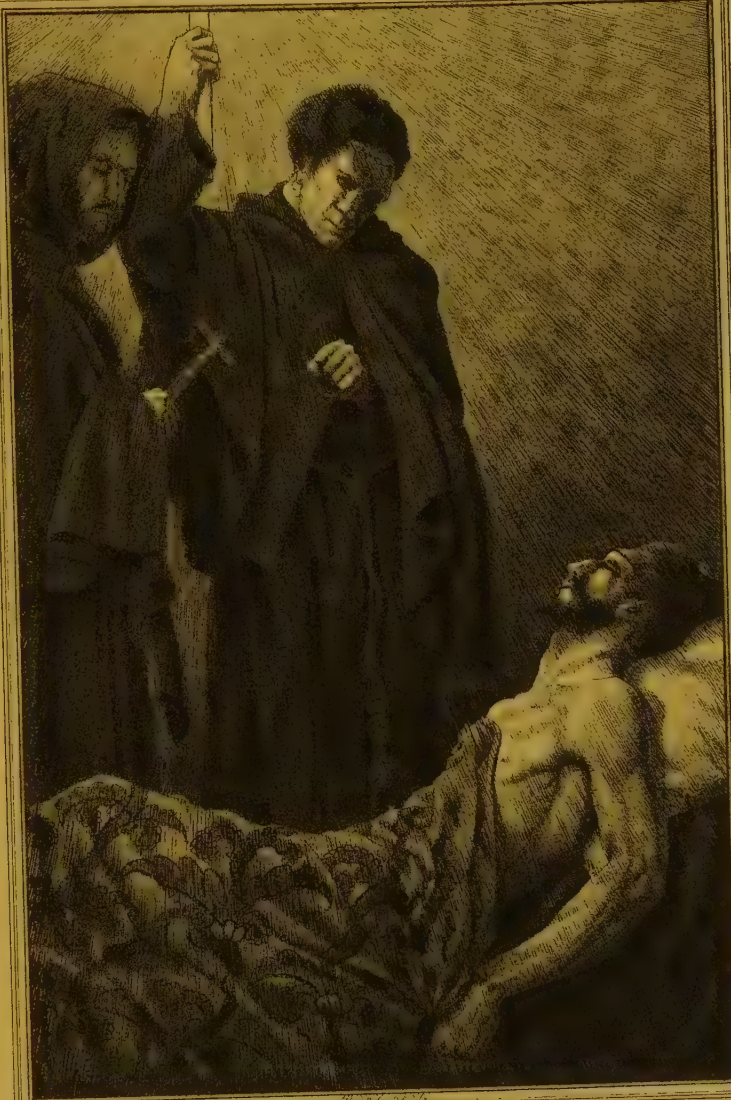
Like a dead fly-blown dog.

Lodovico.

And be forgotten

Before thy funeral sermon.

Brachiano. Vittoria! Vittoria!



THE DEATH OF BRACCIANO

Lodovico. Oh, the cursèd devil
Comes to himself again ! we are undone.

Gasparo. Strangle him in private.

Enter VITTORIA and Attendants

What, will you call him again
To live in treble torments? for charity,
For Christian charity, avoid the chamber.

[*Exeunt VITTORIA and Attendants.*

Lodovico. You would prate, sir? This is a true-love-knot

Sent from the Duke of Florence.

[BRACHIANO *is strangled.*

Gasparo.

What, is it done?

Lodovico. The snuff is out. No woman-keeper i' th' world,

Though she had practised seven year at the pest-house,
Could have done 't quaintlier.

Re-enter VITTORIA, FRANCISCO, FLAMINEO, and Attendants

My lords, he 's dead.

Omnes. Rest to his soul !

Vittoria. O me! this place is hell. [*Exit.*]

Francisco. How heavily she takes it!

Flamineo.

Oh, yes, yes ;

Had women navigable rivers in their eyes,

They would dispense them all: surely, I wonder

Why we should wish more rivers to the city,

When they sell water so good cheap. I'll tell thee,

These are but moonish shades of griefs or fears ;

There 's nothing sooner dry than women's tears.

Why, here 's an end of all my harvest ; he has given me nothing.

Court-promises ! let wise men count them cursed,

For while you live, he that scores best pays worst.

Francisco. Sure, this was Florence' doing.

Flamineo. Very likely.
Those are found weighty strokes which come from th'
hand,
But those are killing strokes which come from th' head.
Oh, the rare tricks of a Machiavellian !
He doth not come, like a gross plodding slave,
And buffet you to death : no, my quaint knave,
He tickles you to death, makes you die laughing,
As if you had swallowed down a pound of saffron.
You see the feat, 'tis practised in a trice ;
To teach court-honesty, it jumps on ice.

Francisco. Now have the people liberty to talk,
And descant on his vices.

Flamineo. Misery of princes,
That must of force be censured by their slaves !
Not only blamed for doing things are ill,
But for not doing all that all men will :
One were better be a thresher.—Ud's death,
I would fain speak with this duke yet.

Francisco. Now he 's dead :

Flamineo. I cannot conjure ; but if prayers or oaths
Will get to the speech of him, though forty devils
Wait on him in his livery of flames,
I'll speak to him, and shake him by the hand,
Though I be blasted. [Exit.

Francisco. Excellent Lodovico !
What, did you terrify him at the last gasp ?

Lodovico. Yes, and so idly, that the duke had like
To have terrified us.

Francisco. How ?

Lodovico. You shall hear that hereafter.

Enter ZANCHE

See, yon 's the infernal that would make up sport.
Now to the revelation of that secret
She promised when she fell in love with you.

Francisco. You're passionately met in this sad world.

Zanche. I would have you look up, sir; these court-tears

Claim not your tribute to them: let those weep
That guiltily partake in the sad cause.

I knew last night, by a sad dream I had,
Some mischief would ensue ; yet, to say truth,
My dream most concerned you.

Lodovico. [*Aside to FRANCISCO.*] Shall 's fall a-dreaming?

Francisco. Yes; and for fashion sake I'll dream with her.

Zanche. Methought, sir, you came stealing to my bed.

Francisco. Wilt thou believe me, sweeting? by this
light,

I was a-dreamt on thee too ; for methought
I saw thee naked.

Zanche. Fie, sir! As I told you,
Methought you lay down by me.

Francisco. So dreamt I ;
And lest thou shouldst take cold, I covered thee
With this Irish mantle.

Zanche. Verily, I did dream
You were somewhat bold with me: but to come to 't—

Lodovico. [*Aside.*] How, how! I hope you will not go to 't here.

Francisco. Nay, you must hear my dream out.

Zanche. Well, sir, forth !

Francisco. When I threw the mantle o'er thee, thou
didst laugh

Exceedingly, methought.

Zanche.

Laugh?

Francisco.

And cried'st out,

The hair did tickle thee.

Zanche.

There was a dream indeed!

Lodovico. [*Aside.*] Mark her, I prithee; she simpers like the suds

A collier hath been washed in.

Zanche. Come, sir, good fortune tends you. I did tell you

I would reveal a secret: Isabella,

The Duke of Florence' sister, was impoisoned

By a fumed picture; and Camillo's neck

Was broke by damned Flamineo, the mischance

Laid on a vaulting-horse.

Francisco.

Most strange!

Zanche.

Most true.

Lodovico. [*Aside.*] The bed of snakes is broke.

Zanche. I sadly do confess I had a hand

In the black deed.

Francisco.

Thou kept'st their counsel?

Zanche.

Right;

For which, urged with contrition, I intend

This night to rob Vittoria.

Lodovico. [*Aside.*]

Excellent penitence!

Usurers dream on 't while they sleep out sermons.

Zanche. To further our escape, I have entreated

Leave to retire me, till the funeral,

Unto a friend i' the country: that excuse

Will further our escape. In coin and jewels

I shall at least make good unto your use

An hundred thousand crowns.

Francisco.

O noble wench!

Lodovico. Those crowns we'll share.

Zanche.

Zanche. It is a dowry,
Methinks, should make that sun-burnt proverb false,
And wash the Aethiop white.

Francisco.

It shall. Away !

Zanche. Be ready for our flight.

Francisco.

An hour 'fore day. [*Exit ZANCHE.*

O strange discovery! why, till now we knew not
The circumstance of either of their deaths.

Re-enter ZANCHE

Zanche. You'll wait about midnight in the chapel?

Francisco.

There. [*Exit ZANCHE.*

Lodovico. Why, now our action 's justified.

Francisco.

Tush for justice!

What harms it justice? we now, like the partridge,
Purge the disease with laurel; for the fame
Shall crown the enterprise, and quit the shame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV—*A Room in the Palace at Padua*

Enter FLAMINEO and GASPARO, at one door; another way, GIOVANNI, attended

Gasparo. The young duke: did you e'er see a sweeter prince?

Flammineo. I have known a poor woman's bastard better favoured; this is behind him; now, to his face, all comparisons were hateful. Wise was the courtly peacock that, being a great minion, and being compared for beauty by some dottrels that stood by to the kingly eagle, said the eagle was a far fairer bird than herself, not in respect of her feathers, but in respect of her long talons: his will grow out in time.—My gracious lord!

Giovanni. I pray, leave me, sir.

Flamineo. Your grace must be merry: 'tis I have

cause to mourn ; for, wot you, what said the little boy that rode behind his father on horseback ?

Giovanni. Why, what said he ?

Flamineo. 'When you are dead, father,' said he, 'I hope then I shall ride in the saddle.' Oh, 'tis a brave thing for a man to sit by himself ! he may stretch himself in the stirrups, look about, and see the whole compass of the hemisphere. You're now, my lord, i' th' saddle.

Giovanni. Study your prayers, sir, and be penitent : 'Twere fit you'd think on what hath former bin ; I have heard grief named the eldest child of sin. [*Exit.*

Flamineo. Study my prayers ! he threatens me divinely :

I am falling to pieces already. I care not, though, like Anacharsis, I were pounded to death in a mortar : and yet that death were fitter for usurers, gold and themselves to be beaten together, to make a most cordial cullis for the devil.

He hath his uncle's villainous look already,
In decimo sexto.

Enter Courtier

Now, sir, what are you ?

Courtier. It is the pleasure, sir, of the young duke, That you forbear the presence, and all rooms That owe him reverence.

Flamineo. So, the wolf and the raven
Are very pretty fools when they are young.
Is it your office, sir, to keep me out ?

Courtier. So the duke wills.

Flamineo. Verily, master courtier, extremity is not to be used in all offices : say that a gentlewoman were taken out of her bed about midnight, and committed to Castle Angelo, [or] to the tower yonder, with nothing

about her but her smock, would it not show a cruel part in the gentleman-porter to lay claim to her upper garment, pull it o'er her head and ears, and put her in naked?

Courtier. Very good: you are merry. [Exit.

Flamineo. Doth he make a court-ejectment of me? A flaming fire-brand casts more smoke without a chimney than within 't. I'll smoor some of them.

Enter FRANCISCO

How now! thou art sad.

Francisco. I met even now with the most piteous sight.

Flamineo. Thou meet'st another here, a pitiful Degraded courtier.

Francisco. Your reverend mother
Is grown a very old woman in two hours.
I found them winding of Marcello's corse;
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
Such as old grandams watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with,—that,
believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water.

Flamineo. I will see them.

Francisco. 'Twere much uncharity in you; for your sight
Will add unto their tears.

Flamineo. I will see them:
They are behind the traverse; I'll discover
Their superstitious howling. [Draws the curtain.

CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and three other Ladies discovered
winding MARCELLO's corse... A Song

Cornelia. This rosemary is withered; pray get fresh.
I would have these herbs grow up in his grave,

When I am dead and rotten. Reach the bays,
I'll tie a garland here about his head ;
'Twill keep my boy from lightning. This sheet
I have kept this twenty year, and every day
Hallowed it with my prayers : I did not think
He should have wore it.

Zanche. Look you who are yonder.

Cornelia. Oh, reach me the flowers.

Zanche. Her ladyship 's foolish.

Lady. Alas ! her grief
Hath turned her child again !

Cornelia. You're very welcome :
There 's rosemary for you ;—and rue for you ;—
[To FLAMINEO.

Heart's-ease for you ; I pray make much of it :
I have left more for myself.

Francisco. Lady, who 's this ?

Cornelia. You are, I take it, the grave-maker.

Flamineo. So.

Zanche. 'Tis Flamineo.

Cornelia. Will you make me such a fool ? here 's a
white hand :

Can blood so soon be washed out ? let me see ;
When screech-owls croak upon the chimney-tops,
And the strange cricket i' the oven sings and hops,
When yellow spots do on your hands appear,
Be certain then you of a corse shall hear.
Out upon 't, how 'tis speckled ! h'as handled a toad, sure.
Cowslip-water is good for the memory : pray, buy me
three ounces of 't.

Flamineo. I would I were from hence.

Cornelia. Do you hear, sir ? I'll give you a saying
which my grandmother was wont, when she heard the
bell toll, to sing o'er unto her lute.

Flamineo. Do, an you will, do.

Cornelia. 'Call for the robin-red-breast and the wren,

[*CORNELIA doth this in several forms of distraction.*

Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.

Call unto his funeral dole

The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm :
But keep the wolf far thence, that 's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.'

They would not bury him 'cause he died in a quarrel ;
But I have an answer for them :

'Let holy Church receive him duly,
Since he paid the church-tithes truly.'

His wealth is summed, and this is all his store ;
This poor men get, and great men get no more.
Now the wares are gone, we may shut up shop.
Bless you all, good people.

[*Exeunt CORNELIA, ZANCHE, and Ladies.*

Flamineo. I have a strange thing in me, to the which
I cannot give a name, without it be

Compassion. I pray, leave me. [*Exit FRANCISCO.*

This night I'll know the utmost of my fate ;
I'll be resolved what my rich sister means
To assign me for my service. I have lived
Riotously ill, like some that live in court,
And sometimes when my face was full of smiles,
Have felt the maze of conscience in my breast.
Oft gay and honoured robes those tortures try :
We think caged birds sing, when indeed they cry.

*Enter BRACHIANO's ghost, in his leather cassock and
breeches, boots and cowl ; in his hand a pot of lily-
flowers, with a skull in it*

Ha! I can stand thee: nearer, nearer yet!
What a mockery hath death made of thee! thou look'st
sad.

In what place art thou? in yon starry gallery?
Or in the cursèd dungeon?—No? not speak?
Pray, sir, resolve me, what religion 's best
For a man to die in? or is it in your knowledge
To answer me how long I have to live?
That 's the most necessary question.

Not answer? are you still like some great men
That only walk like shadows up and down,
And to no purpose? say:—

*[The Ghost throws earth upon him, and shows
him the skull.]*

What 's that? Oh, fatal! he throws earth upon me!
A dead man's skull beneath the roots of flowers!—

I pray, speak, sir: our Italian churchmen
Make us believe dead men hold conference
With their familiars, and many times
Will come to bed to them, and eat with them.

[Exit Ghost.]

He 's gone; and see, the skull and earth are vanished.

This is beyond melancholy. I do dare my fate
To do its worst. Now to my sister's lodging,
And sum up all these horrors: the disgrace
The prince threw on me; next the piteous sight
Of my dead brother; and my mother's dotage;
And last this terrible vision: all these
Shall with Vittoria's bounty turn to good,
Or I will drown this weapon in her blood.

[Exit.]

SCENE V—*A Street in Padua*

*Enter FRANCISCO and LODOVICO; HORTENSIO watching
them*

Lodovico. My lord, upon my soul, you shall no
further;



THE GHOST OF BRACHIANO

You have most ridiculously engaged yourself
Too far already. For my part, I have paid
All my debts; so, if I should chance to fall,
My creditors fall not with me; and I vow
To quit all in this bold assembly
To the meanest follower. My lord, leave the city,
Or I'll forswear the murder. [Exit.

Francisco. Farewell, Lodovico:
If thou dost perish in this glorious act,
I'll rear unto thy memory that fame
Shall in the ashes keep alive thy name. [Exit.

Hortensio. There's some black deed on foot. I'll
presently
Down to the citadel, and raise some force.
These strong court-factions, that do brook no checks,
In the career oft break the riders' necks. [Exit.

SCENE VI—A Room in the Palace

*Enter VITTORIA with a book in her hand, and ZANCHE;
FLAMINEO following them*

Flamineo. What, are you at your prayers? give o'er.

Vittoria. How, ruffian?

Flamineo. I come to you 'bout worldly business:
Sit down, sit down:—nay, stay, blowze, you may hear
it:—

The doors are fast enough.

Vittoria. Ha! are you drunk?

Flamineo. Yes, yes, with wormwood-water: you shall
taste

Some of it presently.

Vittoria. What intends the Fury?

Flamineo. You are my lord's executrix; and I claim
Reward for my long service.

Vittoria. For your service?

Flamineo. Come, therefore, here is pen and ink; set down

What you will give me.

Vittoria. [*Writes.*] There.

Flamineo. Ha! have you done already?
'Tis a most short conveyance.

Vittoria. I will read it:

'I give that portion to thee, and no other,
Which Cain groaned under, having slain his brother.'

Flamineo. A most courtly patent to beg by!

Vittoria. You are a villain.

Flamineo. Is 't come to this? They say, affrights cure
agues:

Thou hast a devil in thee; I will try
If I can scare him from thee. Nay, sit still:
My lord hath left me yet two case of jewels
Shall make me scorn your bounty; you shall see them.
[*Exit.*]

Vittoria. Sure, he 's distracted.

Zanche. Oh, he 's desperate:
For your own safety give him gentle language.

Re-enter FLAMINEO with two case of pistols

Flamineo. Look, these are better far at a dead lift
Than all your jewel-house.

Vittoria. And yet, methinks,
These stones have no fair lustre, they are ill set.

Flamineo. I'll turn the right side towards you: you
shall see

How they will sparkle.

Vittoria. Turn this horror from me!
What do you want? what would you have me do?
Is not all mine yours? have I any children?

Flamineo. Pray thee, good woman, do not trouble me
With this vain worldly business; say your prayers:
I made a vow to my deceased lord,
Neither yourself nor I should outlive him
The numbering of four hours.

Vittoria. Did he enjoin it?

Flamineo. He did; and 'twas a deadly jealousy,
Lest any should enjoy thee after him,
That urged him vow me to it. For my death,
I did propound it voluntarily, knowing,
If he could not be safe in his own court,
Being a great duke, what hope, then, for us?

Vittoria. This is your melancholy and despair.

Flamineo. Away!

Fool [that] thou art to think that politicians
Do use to kill the effects of injuries
And let the cause live. Shall we groan in irons,
Or be a shameful and a weighty burden
To a public scaffold? This is my resolve;
I would not live at any man's entreaty,
Nor die at any's bidding.

Vittoria. Will you hear me?

Flamineo. My life hath done service to other men;
My death shall serve mine own turn. Make you ready.

Vittoria. Do you mean to die indeed?

Flamineo. With as much pleasure
As e'er my father gat me.

Vittoria. Are the doors locked?

Zanche. Yes, madam.

Vittoria. Are you grown an atheist? will you turn your
body,

Which is the goodly palace of the soul,
To the soul's slaughter-house? Oh, the cursèd devil,
—Which doth present us with all other sins
Thrice-candied o'er, despair with gall and stibium;

Yet we carouse it off;— [*Aside to ZANCHE.*] Cry out for help!—

Makes us forsake that which was made for man,
The world, to sink to that was made for devils,
Eternal darkness!

Zanche. Help, help!

Flamineo. I'll stop your throat
With winter-plums.

Vittoria. I prithee, yet remember,
Millions are now in graves, which at last day
Like mandrakes shall rise shrieking.

Flamineo. Leave your prating,
For these are but grammatical laments,
Feminine arguments: and they move me,
As some in pulpits move their auditory,
More with their exclamation than sense
Of reason or sound doctrine.

Zanche. [*Aside to VITTORIA.*] Gentle madam,
Seem to consent, only persuade him teach
The way to death; let him die first.

Vittoria. 'Tis good.
I apprehend it.

—To kill one's self is meat that we must take
Like pills, not chew 't, but quickly swallow it;
The smart o' the wound, or weakness of the hand,
May else bring treble torments.

Flamineo. I have held it
A wretched and most miserable life
Which is not able to die.

Vittoria. O, but frailty!
Yet I am now resolved: farewell, affliction!
Behold, Brachiano, I that while you lived
Did make a flaming altar of my heart
To sacrifice unto you, now am ready
To sacrifice heart and all.—Farewell, Zanche!

Zanche. How, madam! do you think that I'll outlive you;

Especially when my best self, *Flaminese*,
Goes the same voyage?

Flaminese. O, most loved Moor!

Zanche. Only by all my love let me entreat you,—
Since it is most necessary one of us
Do violence on ourselves,—let you or I
Be her sad taster, teach her how to die.

Flaminese. Thou dost instruct me nobly: take these
pistols,
Because my hand is stained with blood already:
Two of these you shall level at my breast,
The other 'gainst your own, and so we'll die
Most equally contented: but first swear
Not to outlive me.

Vittoria and *Zanche.* Most religiously.

Flaminese. Then here 's an end of me; farewell, day-
light!

And, O contemptible physic, that dost take
So long a study, only to preserve
So short a life, I take my leave of thee!—
These are two cupping-glasses that shall draw

[*Showing the pistols.*]

All my infected blood out. Are you ready?

Vittoria and *Zanche.* Ready.

Flaminese. Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, thy
ridiculous purgatory! to find Alexander the Great
cobbling shoes, Pompey tagging points, and Julius
Caesar making hair-buttons! Hannibal selling blacking,
and Augustus crying garlic! Charlemagne selling lists
by the dozen, and King Pepin crying apples in a cart
drawn with one horse!

Whether I resolve to fire, earth, water, air,
Or all the elements by scruples, I know not,

Nor greatly care.—Shoot, shoot :
Of all deaths the violent death is best ;
For from ourselves it steals ourselves so fast,
The pain, once apprehended, is quite past.

*[They shoot : he falls ; and they run to him,
and tread upon him.]*

Vittoria. What, are you dropt ?

Flammineo. I am mixed with earth already : as you are noble,

Perform your vows, and bravely follow me.

Vittoria. Whither ? to hell ?

Zanche. To most assured damnation ?

Vittoria. O thou most cursèd devil !

Zanche. Thou art caught—

Vittoria. In thine own engine. I tread the fire out
That would have been my ruin.

Flammineo. Will you be perjured ? what a religious oath was Styx, that the gods never durst swear by, and violate ! Oh, that we had such an oath to minister, and to be so well kept in our courts of justice !

Vittoria. Think whither thou art going.

Zanche. And remember
What villainies thou hast acted.

Vittoria. This thy death
Shall make me like a blazing ominous star :
Look up and tremble.

Flammineo. O, I am caught with a springe !

Vittoria. You see the fox comes many times short home ;

'Tis here proved true.

Flammineo. Killed with a couple of braches !

Vittoria. No fitter offering for the infernal Furies
Than one in whom they reigned while he was living.

Flamineo. Oh, the way 's dark and horrid ! I cannot see :

Shall I have no company?

Vittoria. Oh, yes, thy sins
Do run before thee to fetch fire from hell,
To light thee thither.

Flammineo. Oh, I smell soot,
Most stinking soot! the chimney is a-fire :
My liver 's parboiled, like Scotch holly-bread ;
There 's a plumber laying pipes in my guts, it scalds.—
Wilt thou outlive me?

Zanche. Yes, and drive a stake
Th[ough] thy body; for we'll give it out
Thou didst this violence upon thyself.

Flamineo. O cunning devils! now I have tried your love,
And doubled all your reaches.—I am not wounded;

[*Rises.*

The pistols held no bullets: 'twas a plot
To prove your kindness to me; and I live
To punish your ingratitude. I knew,
One time or other, you would find a way
To give me a strong potion.—O men
That lie upon your death-beds, and are haunted
With howling wives, ne'er trust them! they'll re-marry
Ere the worm pierce your winding-sheet, ere the spider
Make a thin curtain for your epitaphs.—
How cunning you were to discharge! do you practise
at the Artillery-yard?—Trust a woman? never, never!
Brachiano be my precedent. We lay our souls to pawn
to the devil for a little pleasure, and a woman makes
the bill of sale. That ever man should marry! For
one Hypermnestra that saved her lord and husband,
forty-nine of her sisters cut their husbands' throats all in

one night: there was a shoal of virtuous horse-leeches!
—Here are two other instruments.

Vittoria. Help, help!

Enter LODOVICO, GASPARO, and other Conspirators

Flamineo. What noise is that? ha! false keys i' the court!

Lodovico. We have brought you a masque.

Flamineo. A matachin, it seems by your drawn swords.
Churchmen turned revellers!

Conspirators. Isabella! Isabella!

Lodovico. Do you know us now?

[*They throw off their disguise.*]

Flamineo. Lodovico! and Gasparo!

Lodovico. Yes; and that Moor the duke gave
pension to

Was the great Duke of Florence.

Vittoria. Oh, we are lost!

Flamineo. You shall not take justice from forth my
hands,—

Oh, let me kill her!—I'll cut my safety

Through your coats of steel. Fate's a spaniel,

We cannot beat it from us. What remains now?

Let all that do ill, take this precedent,—

Man may his fate foresee, but not prevent:

And of all axioms this shall win the prize,—

'Tis better to be fortunate than wise.

Gasparo. Bind him to the pillar.

Vittoria. Oh, your gentle pity!

I have seen a blackbird that would sooner fly

To a man's bosom, than to stay the gripe

Of the fierce sparrowhawk.

Gasparo. Your hope deceives you.

Vittoria. If Florence be i' the court, would he would
kill me!

Gasparo. Fool! princes give rewards with their own hands,

But death or punishment by the hands of others.

Lodovico. Sirrah, you once did strike me: [now] I'll strike you

Into the centre.

Flamineo. Thou'lt do it like a hangman,

A base hangman, not like a noble fellow;

For thou see'st I cannot strike again.

Lodovico.

Dost laugh?

Flamineo. Would'st have me die, as I was born, in whining?

Gasparo. Recommend yourself to Heaven.

Flamineo.

No, I will carry

Mine own commendations thither.

Lodovico. Oh, could I kill you forty times a day,

And use 't four year together, 'twere too little!

Naught grieves but that you are too few to feed

The famine of our vengeance. What dost think on?

Flamineo. Nothing; of nothing: leave thy idle questions.

I am i' th' way to study a long silence:

To prate were idle. I remember nothing.

There 's nothing of so infinite vexation

As man's own thoughts.

Lodovico.

O thou glorious strumpet!

Could I divide thy breath from this pure air

When 't leaves thy body, I would suck it up,

And breathe 't upon some dunghill.

Vittoria.

You, my death's-man!

Methinks thou dost not look horrid enough;

Thou hast too good a face to be a hangman:

If thou be, do thy office in right form;

Fall down upon thy knees, and ask forgiveness.

Lodovico. Oh, thou hast been a most prodigious comet,
But I'll cut off your train,—kill the Moor first.

Vittoria. You shall not kill her first; behold my breast:
I will be waited on in death; my servant
Shall never go before me.

Gasparo. Are you so brave?

Vittoria. Yes, I shall welcome death
As princes do some great ambassadors;
I'll meet thy weapon half way.

Lodovico. Thou dost tremble:
Methinks fear should dissolve thee into air.

Vittoria. Oh, thou art deceived, I am too true a woman:
Conceit can never kill me. I'll tell thee what,
I will not in my death shed one base tear;
Or if look pale, for want of blood, not fear.

Gasparo. Thou art my task, black Fury.

Zanche. I have blood
As red as either of theirs: wilt drink some?
'Tis good for the falling-sickness. I am proud
Death cannot alter my complexion,
For I shall ne'er look pale.

Lodovico. Strike, strike,
With a joint motion!

[*They stab VITTORIA, ZANCHE, and FLAMINEO.*]

Vittoria. 'Twas a manly blow!
The next thou giv'st, murder some sucking infant;
And then thou wilt be famous.

Flamineo. Oh, what blade is 't?
[Is 't] a Toledo, or an English fox?
I ever thought a cutler should distinguish
The cause of my death, rather than a doctor.
Search my wound deeper; tent it with the steel
That made it.

Vittoria. Oh, my greatest sin lay in my blood;
Now my blood pays for 't.

Flamineo. Thou 'rt a noble sister !
I love thee now : if woman do breed man,
She ought to teach him manhood : fare thee well.
Know, many glorious women that are famed
For masculine virtue have been vicious,
Only a happier silence did betide them :
She hath no faults who hath the art to hide them.

Vittoria. My soul, like to a ship in a black storm,
Is driven, I know not whither.

Flamineo. Then cast anchor.
Prosperity doth bewitch men, seeming clear ;
But seas do laugh, show white, when rocks are near.
We cease to grieve, cease to be fortune's slaves,
Nay, cease to die, by dying. Art thou gone ?
And thou so near the bottom ? false report,
Which says that women vie with the nine Muses
For nine tough durable lives ! I do not look
Who went before, nor who shall follow me ;
No, at myself I will begin and end.
While we look up to Heaven, we confound
Knowledge with knowledge. Oh, I am in a mist !

Vittoria. Oh, happy they that never saw the court,
Nor ever knew great men but by report ! [*Dies.*]

Flamineo. I recover like a spent taper, for a flash,
And instantly go out.
Let all that belong to great men remember th' old wives'
tradition, to be like the lions i' th' Tower on Candlemas-
day : to mourn if the sun shine, for fear of the pitiful
remainder of winter to come.
'Tis well yet there 's some goodness in my death ;
My life was a black charnel. I have caught
An everlasting cold ; I have lost my voice
Most irrecoverably. Farewell, glorious villains !
This busy trade of life appears most vain,
Since rest breeds rest, where all seek pain by pain.

Let no harsh flattering bells resound my knell ;
Strike, thunder, and strike loud, to my farewell !

[Dies.

English Ambassador. [Within.] This way, this way !
break ope the doors ! this way !

Lodovico. Ha ! are we betrayed ?
Why, then let 's constantly die all together ;
And having finished this most noble deed,
Defy the worst of fate, not fear to bleed.

Enter Ambassadors and GIOVANNI

English Ambassador. Keep back the prince : shoot,
shoot. [They shoot, and LODOVICO falls.

Lodovico. Oh, I am wounded !
I fear I shall be ta'en.

Giovanni. You bloody villains,
By what authority have you committed
This massacre ?

Lodovico. By thine.

Giovanni. Mine ?

Lodovico. Yes ; thy uncle,
Which is a part of thee, enjoined us to 't :
Thou know'st me, I am sure ; I am Count Lodowick ;
And thy most noble uncle in disguise
Was last night in thy court.

Giovanni. Ha !

Gasparo. Yes, that Moor
Thy father chose his pensioner.

Giovanni. He turned murderer ?—
Away with them to prison and to torture !
All that have hands in this shall taste our justice,
As I hope Heaven.

Lodovico. I do glory yet
That I can call this act mine own. For my part,
The rack, the gallows, and the torturing wheel,

Shall be but sound sleeps to me: here 's my rest;
I limned this night-piece, and it was my best.

Giovanni. Remove the bodies.—See, my honoured lord[s],

What use you ought make of their punishment:

Let guilty men remember, their black deeds

Do lean on crutches made of slender reeds.

[*Exeunt.*

Instead of an EPILOGUE, only this of Martial
supplies me:

Haec fuerint nobis praemia, si placui.

FOR the action of the play, 'twas generally well, and I dare affirm, with the joint testimony of some of their own quality, for the true imitation of life, without striving to make nature a monster, the best that ever became them: whereof as I make a general acknowledgment, so in particular I must remember the well-approved industry of my friend Master Perkins, and confess the worth of his action did crown both the beginning and end.



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